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TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

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OUR HAND OF FELLOWSHIP TO CHINA

SIXTEEN YEARS AGO when China, the oldest of monarchies, became a republic, the United States, as one of our editors recalls, was the first to recognize the new régime; and now that the Nationalists have extended their sway over practically all China, the Government of the United States is the first to recognize them as constituting the government of China. Whether it is *de facto*, as some correspondents say, or *de jure*, as others have it, the new government of China does win formal recognition in Secretary Kellogg's announcement of the signing of a treaty by which we recognize China's tariff-making autonomy, or independence. "China is a nation. America is the first nation to say so, and we are glad that the United States has said so." This succinct utterance of the Syracuse *Post-Standard* expresses the sentiment of the press of the United States. Congratulating the State Department, the Democratic New York *World* calls its action "a splendid job which could not have been better done." The step taken is of vital importance, says the Washington *Post*, "not for tariff reasons, but because it is the first taken by any of the great Powers toward recognition of the complete independence of China under the Nationalist government." And it should be pointed out that the press correspondents in the various capitals of the world feel convinced that the example of our State Department will be followed by the other great Powers without undue delay.

After the capture of Peking—to which the Nationalists gave the new name, Peiping—the leaders at Nanking centered their hopes upon American recognition, which, according to press correspondents in China, they considered a prize greater than any possible military triumph. In the spring, it will be remembered, Secretary Kellogg gave assurances that upon the establishment of a sufficiently strong government in China he would be willing to consider new treaty relations. A few weeks ago came the announcement that more than 1,200 marines would be withdrawn from China, cutting down our forces by about a third. Then on July 25 came the statement from Washington that we were ready to negotiate a new tariff treaty with the Nationalist Chinese government. With a speed almost unprecedented in diplomatic negotiations, came only two days later the news that such a treaty had already been signed. In fact, it was signed on the twenty-fifth at Peking—or Peiping—by the American Minister, John Van A. MacMurray, and T. V. Soong, the Chinese Finance Minister. The new treaty becomes effective January 1, 1929, and merely declares for tariff autonomy on a most-favored-nation basis. As a New York *Times* correspondent in Washington reminds us: "It repeals the tariff provisions of the 1903 commercial treaty between the United States and China, under which the sovereignty of China was greatly restricted in customs matters through definitions of limits for the imposition of duties." The most important part of this very brief treaty reads as follows:

"All provisions which appear in treaties hitherto concluded and in force between the United States of America and China relating to rates of duty on imports and exports of merchandise, drawbacks, transit dues, and tonnage dues in China, shall be annulled and become inoperative, and the principle of complete national tariff autonomy shall apply, subject, however, to the condition that each of the high contracting parties shall enjoy in the territories of the other, with respect to the above specified and any related matters, treatment in no way discriminatory as compared with the treatment accorded to any other country.

"The nationals of neither of the high contracting parties shall be compelled under any pretext whatever to pay within the territories of the other party any duties, internal charges, or taxes upon their importations and exportations other or higher than those paid by nationals of the country or by nationals of any other country."

The provision against discrimination will prevent China from increasing duties on American goods until the other Powers have taken action similar to that of the United States. But the press correspondents almost unanimously agree that the other nations are bound to follow. A New York *Herald Tribune* writer in Washington suggests that "should other nations be slow in granting this permission to China to fix what tariff duties it deems necessary, it would surprize no one here to see such nations subjected to a boycott."

Glancing back at the history of the Chinese tariff, the New York *Herald Tribune* reminds us that the portion of sovereignty involved in the imposition of customs duties "was bartered away under the imperial régime, which cared little for nationality or its evidences":

"From this aloofness and indifference came extraterritoriality, foreign-controlled and administered tariffs, concessions, leases, and various other abridgements of sovereignty and equal status. It looked for a time as if China would be partitioned eventually among the great Powers of Europe. The United States, however, has stood from the first for the preservation of China as a political entity and a territorial unit. Its attitude has checked territorial appropriations and the acquisition of monopolistic commercial privileges.

"The Washington treaties of 1922 aimed at revising the unequal, foreign-controlled Chinese tariffs. The subsequent conference called to amend these tariffs failed, mainly because of the weakness of the existing Peking Government and its consciousness that it could not afford to make any definite decision. The Southern secession tied Peking's hands. Now the Southern movement, intensely radical at first, and intensely antiforeign, has spread over most of the country. It has been seeking freedom from the bonds of tariff-duty compacts through unilateral action. It is unlikely that China, if left to herself, will ever revert to the passivity and indifference of the imperial days. The United States does not wish to see such a reversion. It has welcomed the opportunity to concede China a free hand to write her own tariff schedules, so long as they do not contain any discriminations against our nationals and in favor of other nationals. That is the Hay open-door policy, applied to the China of the Nationalist movement and to the economic and political conditions of to-day.

"This country fully supports the principle of 'complete national tariff autonomy' for China. It would gladly give up extraterritorial rights also if the Chinese were to demonstrate more clearly the power and willingness of their own courts to safeguard the lives and property of foreigners."

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A dramatic timeliness is seen by the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* to mark this move at Washington. For—

"It comes at a moment of acute strain between China and Japan over the effort of the former to declare ineffective an existing commercial treaty embodying the objectionably extra-territoriality feature, and over reported Japanese machinations to prevent the adherence of the three Manchurian provinces to the consolidated Chinese Government. Coupled with the partial withdrawal of our troops, our tariff conference decision represents the most conspicuous gain for the Nationalist movement since the fall of Peking. That event signalized the collapse of the military opposition, but there remained for the new régime to overcome the aloofness of the Powers whose recognition it needs to consolidate its victory. The United States is the first of the great Powers to make official proffer of a helping hand.

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"HE GIVES TWICE WHO GIVES QUICKLY!"
—Smith in the New York *American*.

The moral effect of this gesture of confidence and friendliness in an hour clouded by a threatening dispute with Japan, is important and may turn out to be decisive."

While many observers in Japan and elsewhere will seek to explain American haste by American "desire to checkmate the ambition of Japan to strengthen her hold over Manchuria and prevent it becoming an integral part of Nationalist China," the New York *Journal of Commerce* prefers to emphasize the economic consequences of the move:

"Customs duties have been maintained at rates absurdly low, judged by any modern standards, and refusal of the demand of the Chinese for the right to levy higher tariffs is indefensible on economic grounds, not to mention the fact that the right of tariff autonomy is justly regarded as among the sovereign political prerogatives of independent peoples. The nations that rely upon the Chinese market as an outlet for exports, notably Japan, are naturally desirous to retain, as long as possible, the extensive, indefinitely expansible and virtually, free-trade market for their products which is supplied by China. Their reluctance to see this market restricted, even slightly, by an increase in import duties has been the chief, if suppressed reason, for the prolonged opposition that has been offered to the negotiation of treaties conceding the tariff demands of China.

"What it means to China to be able to assure itself of returns from increased tariff duties will be appreciated by an examination of the foreign-trade statistics of recent years, which show that, despite prolonged civil warfare, there is a surprizing steadiness of demand for foreign products even during periods of most serious internal disturbance. With moderately peaceful conditions prevailing, therefore, a Government can rely with assurance upon revenues based upon import and export duties without trenching upon the returns that are pledged to the service of foreign loans.

"Furthermore, the treaty will probably bring collateral benefits whose importance can hardly be overestimated. Funds are needed by the government in power, it is said, to hasten the demobilization of the millions of Chinese still under arms. The merchants and bankers of China who can aid the efforts of the political leaders to demilitarize the country and return the soldiery to civil life will be much encouraged by the action taken by the United States."

All over the country the daily papers have been applauding our State Department for acting in line with our "open-door" traditions and, at the same time, helping China and advancing her own interests. For, as the Des Moines *Register* points out, it is likely to be felt abroad that the United States has "stolen a march in winning the favor of a Chinese régime that admittedly stands a good chance of being permanent." Probably, remarks the Iowa daily, "the American State Department was not overlooking that."

What the next step will be in our new Chinese policy, Secretary Kellogg has declined to say, altho correspondents assume that the matter of giving up extraterritorial rights in China will be reached in due time. *The Nation* has three measures in mind as the next steps:

"Let us recall more of our marines; we still have 2,600 in China. Let us volunteer to modify our extraterritorial rights immediately in such a way that Chinese judges can participate in the trial of all American citizens in China. Let us protest against the Japanese usurpation of power in Manchuria."

"The very heart of the Chinese problem has been and is today," so the Washington *News* insists, "the vicious and outgrown system of extraterritoriality by which the United States and other Powers maintain their own troops and courts in that country." This paper thinks that the process of restoring China's sovereignty over foreigners on its shores should be started immediately.

On the other hand, there are those who feel with the Philadelphia *Inquirer* that "the abandonment of those extraterritorial rights which so irk the Chinese is inexpedient:

"It is not a question of good-will or friendship, but whether Chinese courts could be relied upon to deal justly with American citizens. Most of those living in China do not believe that they could. Moreover, altho the moment for recognition of the new Government has come, the tuchuns have lived too long by war and pillage to be trusted, and civil authority will not easily be maintained over them."

That we may go too far and too fast in recognizing the new régime in China is argued by several dailies. The Chicago *Tribune* observes that "our Government will be serving neither our own ultimate interests nor those of the Chinese people if it acted prematurely and gave temporary support to a régime which to-morrow might explode." And while the Los Angeles *Times* is willing to approve of what Secretary Kellogg has done so far, it goes on to say:

"At the same time conservative citizens will agree that we should not be too hasty in granting full recognition of the present rule in China and that, when it is granted, it must be based upon reasonable assurance that the Nationalists are able to maintain a government that is not going to be knocked into a cocked hat on short notice by another and more powerful faction. Banditry and other lawlessness are still rife in China and there is much territory that is not yet under the Nationalist flag."

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CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. What is called the "unhappy sex"? (p. 15).
2. How rich is Tunney? (p. 40).
3. How does the "kodacolor" system enable the amateur to take colored motion-pictures? (p. 8).
4. How does a blindfolded person walk? (p. 16).
5. Where is Small Hythe? (p. 21).
6. What is the new name of Peking? (p. 5).
7. What type of ship is disappearing from the ocean? (p. 33).
8. What country of the British Empire is making a move for Home Rule? (p. 14).
9. What percentage of our population are nominally church members? (p. 24).
10. What is acknowledged as having been Ellen Terry's greatest rôle? (p. 20).
11. How many nations have been participating in the Olympic games at Amsterdam? (p. 57).
12. How many people are out of work in Great Britain? (p. 10).
13. Why was it that the two sides of Capt. Emilio Carranza's face did not exactly balance? (p. 38).
14. In what European country has suicide among women increased during the past half-century by 157 per cent.? (p. 14).
15. Who wrote "A Toccata of Galuppi's"? (p. 20).
16. What nation holds the Davis tennis cup? (p. 57).
17. What changes is the airplane making in Mexico? (p. 38).
18. What organization is designated as the Y. M. M. A.? (p. 26).
19. How will the next heavyweight champion be selected? (p. 40).
20. How long is the course for a dog race? (p. 49).
21. What famous horses has Sande ridden to victory? (p. 48).
22. Who composed the "Rhapsody in Blue"? (p. 23).
23. What football victory is said to mark "a new era in international relations"? (p. 13).
24. What is regarded as the weight limit for jockeys? (p. 46).
25. How much does it cost a single person to live "decently and independently" in New York? (p. 26).

FEDERAL BUREAUS A CAMPAIGN ISSUE

A PLANK IN THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM which calls for the reorganization of Federal bureaus at Washington on a business basis, say dispatches from Governor Smith's headquarters, will provide the spring-board for the Democratic nominee's attack on Republican policies in the Presidential campaign. In the opinion of Senator Tydings, of Maryland, Chairman of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, Governor Smith will lay far more emphasis on this subject than on either Prohibition or farm relief. It is announced that the New York Executive will emphasize in his campaign speeches the need of a thorough overhauling of the governmental machinery at Washington, and will point to his success in coordinating a hundred State bureaus as proof of his fitness for the larger undertaking. According to the Albany correspondent of the New York *Times:*

"It was at the behest of the Governor himself that the plank to which he will draw unexpected attention was inserted in the party platform, and both before it was drafted and since, he has received the advice of political experts and business executives on the program he has in mind.

"In his very first extended public discussion of the issues, his acceptance address, the Democratic nominee will take the offensive on this point. He will muster specific instances of wasted money and energy, and point to the solution in a general overhauling of the machinery of government."

"If this is Governor Smith's purpose," observes the independent Springfield *Republican*, "it indicates courage." There is also courage, we are told, in venturing to debate with Secretary Hoover a subject with which the Republican nominee, through his Cabinet experience, is so familiar. However, the New England daily explains:

"While Mr. Hoover has a more intimate knowledge of the Federal Government, Governor Smith has had more experience in the art of politics, which might be necessary in securing from Congress the support essential to any real measure of reorganization. It might, however, prove harder for a Democratic President to get such support out of a Republican Congress than it has been for a Democratic Governor to get it from a Republican legislature.

"In any event, if the issue figures largely in the campaign, the public should become so educated that, whether Hoover or Smith is elected, some progress would be made."

That the Republican consolidation and reorganization program was not carried out after the election of President Harding is no fault of the present Republican candidate, asserts the independent Washington *Star;* "the Democrats have played their part in blocking consolidations and changes in government departments." In a rather lengthy Washington dispatch, *The Wall Street Journal* correspondent sets forth some of the efforts that have been made to reorganize the Federal government machinery since 1920:

"One of the first acts of Warren G. Harding after entering the White House was to name a commission to study and recommend a program looking to reorganization of the Federal government machinery. There were duplications, overlappings, deadwood, useless bureaus, and absurd misplacements, all tending to governmental inefficiency. As time went on this projected program grew less and less ambitious. The commission finally did make a report and a reorganization bill was introduced in Congress. It never was passed.

"In the first place, there is not as much duplication in the Government as many people believe. In the second place, some of it is inevitable in a machine so large as that which centers at Washington. Finally, the persons interested in the maintenance of defunct units always have friends in Congress who, for one reason and another, will resist abolition or consolidation. This is not to decry the need for a thorough governmental reorganization. It is to point out the difficulties which have prevented one taking place some time ago. There are absurdities, and glaring ones.

"Just why Prohibition enforcement should be in the Treasury Department instead of in the Department of Justice is a circumstance which is rather difficult to justify. It is hard to see what the Public Health Service is doing in the Treasury. Why some territorial possessions are under care of the Interior Department, others under the Navy Department, and others in the War Department is something else to wonder about.

"Either candidate, if put into the White House, undoubtedly will turn his attention to the matter of making government operations more modern and businesslike. And when either of them tries he is going to have the fight of his life on his hands. He is going to find that there is a great enthusiasm for reorganizing as long as the reorganization is confined to the other fellow. He is going to find that gentlemen adversely affected have plenty of Congressional friends who will display an amazing ability to becloud the issue. He will find that his own Cabinet officers will look askance at moves affecting their departments. Finally, he is going to find a most disheartening lack of interest on the part of the taxpaying public which stands to gain the most.

"Nevertheless, this reorganization job is not at all impossible. Some time it must be undertaken and carried through; else the government machine will become so top-heavy that some morning we will all be called out to help pick the pieces out of the ditch."

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Bell Telephone Laboratories photograph. Courtesy of the New York *Herald Tribune*

THE TELEVISION APPARATUS IN OPERATION ON THE ROOF OF THE BELL TELEPHONE LABORATORIES

COLORED FILMS, TALKING MOVIES, AND TELEVISION

ONE STEP QUICKLY FOLLOWS ANOTHER in the development of colored motion-pictures, talking movies, and television. The perfection of a system of color photography whereby any amateur photographer can take still or moving pictures which reproduce all the colors of the spectrum has been the dream of the Kodak's inventor for a quarter of a century; on July 30 Mr. Eastman announced the perfection of such a system. In the opinion of General Harbord, head of the Radio Corporation, "this is the greatest development in photography since the moving picture itself." Coming so soon after the advent of television and recent improvements in talking movies, the Eastman "Kodacolor" process, says Russell B. Porter in a Rochester dispatch to the New York *Times*, "is regarded as heralding an era in which color, sound, and action are synchronized and made available for entertainment in the home." The swish and roar of Niagara Falls, with all its color and movement; the clout of a home-run king amid the colorful—and noisy—surroundings of a baseball stadium; or a Yale-Harvard football game, with its gay colors and college songs by radio, it is predicted, are some of the interesting spectacles which we may see within the next few months, when colored films, talking movies, and television shall have been perfected.

To take up the latest invention first, all one has to do, it seems, to take photographs in color is to load the camera with special color film, place a color filter over the lens, and "shoot." The Eastman company develops the film, returns it to you, and the placing of another color filter upon the projection machine enables you to show the picture in all its natural colors. Owing to the absorption of light by the color filter, it is necessary to show a small picture, approximately sixteen by twenty-two inches. Nor is the new process available to motion-picture companies, since but one print can be made.

As is frequently the case with extraordinary achievements, the means to the end is relatively simple, points out the Utica *Press*. The Eastman process, we are told, adopts the prism theory of breaking up light into primary colors, using minute lens-shaped projections embossed upon the film itself. These reverse the process in showing the picture so that the colors appear. Or, as the Brooklyn *Eagle* puts it:

"The basis of the system is the French process of color photography devised about a quarter of a century ago. The novelty consists in the production, not of colored films, for the developed film does not differ in color from the ordinary film, but in the reversal of the color-filtering process in the mechanism of projection. Since the films do not carry the colors as colors, they can probably be used and preserved as long as ordinary films."

The New York *Herald Tribune* also explains that—

"Like all processes of color photography so far perfected, the new one depends on separating the natural scene into several—in this case three—independent photographs: one taken with red light, a second with green light, and the third with blue light. Scientists divide the complete spectrum into six primary colors, but it is not necessary to have so many for reasonably good color vision.

"Ordinarily these three separate pictures of the same scene—red, green, and blue—are taken on separate films or on successive 'frames,' the small, rectangular pictures of the strip of film. These separate views are then combined and colored, either by dyeing the film itself in appropriate colors or by passing the separate views through colored glasses, to combine and fuse on the screen.

"The new process uses precisely this same separation, but makes it microscopically. Each successive picture of the film is striped, as tho the three separate pictures in red, green, and blue had been cut into strips and pasted together again; first a red strip, then a green one, then a blue, then another red, and so on across the whole. To do this splitting into strips is the duty of the microscopic cylindrical lenses embossed on the film. In projection these lenses reverse the process, sending each separate strip of the picture through its appropriate color-filter. Just as the tiny color rays from billions of falling raindrops combine to make a rainbow, so the millions of tiny red, green, and blue stripes from the film join to form the colors on the screen."

Equally amazing have been the developments in television during the past few weeks, not only in this country, but in London. Three years ago, recalls the New York *World:*

"Television was a dream; a year and a half ago, when Dr. Alexanderson described his apparatus, it was a dimly comprehended marvel; a little over a year ago, when Mr. Hoover in Washington was seen and heard in New York, its practical possibilities began to be realized. Now it has stept out of the laboratory into the sunlight.

"Few will now doubt that the time is now coming when pictures and scenes of all kinds will be broadcast over great distances, as sounds of all kinds are broadcast to-day. Men may sit in their homes seeing and hearing plays; may watch and hear orators; may bask in the sunlight of Cairo while gazing at a blizzard in Montreal; may even see history made on the battle-field."

As a result of experiments being conducted simultaneously in London and New York City, other editors are predicting that movies will soon be broadcast by radio, so that the person provided with the proper receiving set can have his screen theater

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at home; or even his baseball game and championship fight. Certainly the day when radio enthusiasts will be able to tune in on happenings of interest in any part of the country, and see them, has been moved one step closer by the experiment last month of the Bell Laboratories, of New York City. To quote the New York *Herald Tribune* on this epochal event:

"While an energetic tennis-player danced atop of the Bell Laboratories Building last week, engineers televisualized his image with apparatus for the first time without the aid of artificial light. In a small darkened room upon the seventh floor of the building Dr. Herbert E. Ives, designer of the apparatus, reproduced a 2 x 3-inch image of the tennis-player.

"While the apparatus used for the experiments was essentially the same as that employed during the first television demonstrations a year ago, it was disclosed that the development of a more sensitive photoelectric cell made it possible to focus the distant scene with the sunlight as the only illumination. In past tests the object being transmitted has been flooded by a rapidly oscillating beam from a powerful arc light, which limited the focus distance to a small area.

"While engineers failed to comment on the practical application of the newest development in television, they indicated that the new photoelectric cell will permit the transmission of scenes such as prize-fights, tennis matches, baseball and football games. They add, however, that the apparatus is still in the experimental stages and a little too complicated for average home use."

Two days after the local "story" was published, the London correspondent of *The Herald Tribune* sent the following dispatch:

"Every home in England equipped with television apparatus will be able to see the Derby next year, it was predicted here to-day, on the basis of a revelation that John L. Baird had successfully transmitted the head and shoulders of a man from one room to another in broad daylight.

"Picking up a deep-red cloth, the scientist wound it around his head. The 'color' in the television proved so popular that the sitter was kept a long time doing many things for the spectator's edification.

"Altho the experiment of the transmission of color is considered more spectacular, the sending of the head and shoulders of a man from one room to another in broad daylight, dispensing with the powerful artificial light hitherto considered necessary to the feat, is hailed as a revolutionary stride forward in the development of television."

Just how far television has advanced within recent weeks is pointed out by the Chicago *Journal of Commerce:*

"Several months ago, in a television demonstration, the scene which was to be broadcast was illuminated by a brilliant, rapidly oscillating beam from a powerful arc light. Artificial light was indispensable. But now, by the development of a photoelectric cell of extraordinary sensitivity, the televisor camera is able to accept and broadcast a scene which lacks the aid of artificial light.

"Since sunlight will now do the work which only artificial light could accomplish hitherto, there is every reason to believe that ultimately voices and scenes will be simultaneously broadcast, by a marriage of the microphone and the televisor camera."

We now come to talking pictures, which have brought the possibility of a revolution to the film industry. While talking movies have not been perfected, says Waldo Walker in a New York *Times* article, "they have caused the whole motion-picture industry to readjust its ideas." Already, we read in the New York *Herald Tribune*, six hundred movie theaters have contracted for talking motion-picture equipment. Furthermore, several producers of legitimate plays have announced that they will make mechanical reproductions of their current theatrical offerings, using the original casts, and substitute them for the regular road companies. Continues Mr. Walker:

"If the new pictures become commercially assured, as some men in the industry believe—and others fear they will, they may spell the rebirth of screen production; may mean that the old type of actor, the man and woman with complete histrionic ability, will enter the new field in larger numbers, and that the 'doll-faced' and 'sheik' types of movie stars who lack ability and training to act speaking parts may disappear. It is even being debated whether the center of the industry might not shift from Hollywood to New York.

"Hollywood is known to be indulging in much misgiving on this score. Its producers, not to be caught napping, are making new surveys of their star talent. Proud stars, who formerly would have considered a request to take such a test an impertinence, are said to be submitting to them now, meekly as freshmen."

All of which—colored films, talking movies, and television—causes the editor of the Asheville *Citizen* to indulge in a bit of philosophy:

Wide World photograph

"I TRIED TO PERFECT THAT PROCESS YEARS AGO"

"And made a failure of it," admitted Thomas A. Edison, shown at the crank of the motion-picture camera, with George Eastman at his right. The "Kodacolor" process of colored photography, of which he speaks, was perfected in the Eastman laboratories after years of research.

"Just at the moment most of us were beginning to worry ourselves sick over the prospect of the American home being smashed beyond repair by the lure of speed, and the fascinations of the bright lights, along comes the radio, and television, to induce people to stay at home.

"Why should one worry one's self sick over the task of cramming into evening clothes, and tearing out at maniacal speed over twisting roads and traffic-jammed streets, to sit in a stuffy opera-house, or on an old wooden bench half a block from a ringside seat, when one can slip on a lounging-robe, pick out the easiest chair at the family fireside, and be entertained from opera-house and ringside just the same?

"When science becomes able to pick up a play, or an opera, or a fight a thousand miles away and to carry it by wire, and maybe through the air, into the midst of a million homes, American life will again be able to slip back into the good old virtues of genuine domesticity. If science has wrecked on the one hand, maybe science will save on the other."

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BRITAIN TO "DEPORT" HER UNEMPLOYED

ENGLAND'S STAGGERING PROBLEM of caring for her steadily increasing army of unemployed is again brought into the public eye by the admission of the Baldwin régime that wholesale emigration must be resorted to if the problem is to be solved, and by the mother country's appeal to Australia and Canada for aid. At present, say London dispatches, there are more than 1,250,000 persons out of work in Great Britain, or 11 per cent. of the estimated number engaged in gainful occupations. This, it explains, is a worse situation than that prevailing at the close of the great general strike early in 1927. This proportion among our own population, as the Washington *Star* figures it, would be 5,000,000. Coal-mining, ship-building, and the textile industries, it is said, are face to face with high production costs and increasing competition, particularly in the mills of newly awakened China. China's textile development, in fact, is cited as responsible for a loss of two-thirds of British textile orders within two years. And loss of orders means loss of employment. In sixty-two out of one hundred classified British trades, including all the important ones, unemployment shows a heavy increase over previous years.

After a survey of the situation, the Industrial Transference Board, a government commission, has reached the conclusion that 200,000 artizans, thousands of them married men with families, should make a permanent shift from their present trades. This is evidence to the Detroit *News* that "Great Britain is waking up." Continues this daily:

"The only remedy the Board can see for wholesale unemployment is a mass movement of labor from districts where there is no work and no prospect of work to other places, either in Great Britain or the Dominions, where labor is needed.

"Thus, ten years after the end of the war, Great Britain is trying to make up its collective mind to adopt a radical remedy for a condition caused by the war. During the conflict Britain lost many of her foreign markets; lost, also, some 800,000 able-bodied men by death, and the best services of other hundreds of thousands disabled and diseased; lost, not only their labor, but their consuming power and saving ability, which creates labor for others.

"For a decade Great Britain has been trying haphazardly to readjust herself to new conditions. She adopted the 'dole,' in the hope that it would prove a temporary measure, tiding over the readjustment period. But ten years after the war she still has more than a million unemployed, and the number is increasing. Hence the necessity of the radical measure the committee recommends.

"This situation shows the vast difference between England and America. In this country labor is more or less fluid, with a tendency not to wait for work to be provided, but to seek it, moving about until it is found. When one occupation fails, labor tries to adapt itself to another. This is not so in England. There labor tends to be rooted. Once a miner, always a miner; and the miner brings up his sons to be miners. Families live in the same town, the same house, for generations; it is the exceptional son who strikes out for himself, and he is looked upon either as a rash fool or a man of unusual courage. Where the American looks for new outlets for his products, and does not hesitate to scrap machinery and reorganize his plant from the ground up, the English employer is apt to refuse to accept new responsibilities.

"The result is Great Britain is in a rut. And the time has come when she must wake up or slowly sink into a secondary position among the nations of the world."

That Great Britain at last realizes that something must be done is pointed out in a St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* editorial:

"The British Government is taking steps to form unemployment exchanges throughout Great Britain to facilitate movement of surplus labor by advancing traveling and moving expenses to men who are unable to move to other parts of the country in search of work. The advances will be considered loans.

"But the important step to meet this distressing situation, in which British man-power seems to have developed more rapidly than post-war industry, is the plan to lend government aid to migration; to send workers and their families to the colonies that need men and women to develop natural resources. The present plan contemplates sending 2,500 boys, 7,000 single men, 2,500 families, and 2,600 single women from the mining districts to Canada, with a large grant provided to enable the emigrants to purchase outfits in the new country."

The cost of such an undertaking, if extended to South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, we are told, will amount to $3,000,000. To quote a London dispatch to the New York *Times:*

"The scheme provides for training the miners in this country as agricultural workers and for the maintenance of the families of married men while they are being trained to the extent of 17 shillings weekly for a wife and 2 shillings for each child.

"At the expiration of the training period the whole family would be assisted overseas. The men will there work for two years on wages, and after that time it is expected that they will have saved $500 or more. The British Government will advance them an additional $500 on condition that Dominion authorities provide a similar sum. With this sum it is expected the men will be able to establish themselves on free or low-priced land."

In the opinion of the Troy *Record*, "it should not be a hardship" for these thousands of men, women, and children to settle in one of Great Britain's colonies. But, declares the Schenectady *Union-Star:*

"It is no easy matter to change the habits of a lifetime, to break home ties which reach back in many cases hundreds of years, to adjust oneself to new conditions and a new environment. The three million dollars that it would cost the British Government to transplant so many people three thousand miles away is an easier thing to take care of than the emotions of the people themselves.

"But, when it comes to facing starvation or life in a new land, there is only one choice to make. Besides, Canada is a good country to grow up with. It still has vast open spaces which folk of the right sort can populate and make a living. Opportunity still smiles from the prairies. There remain wide areas of virgin land. The grain-producing capacity of Canada has not been reached.

"It will be rather easier to transplant the boys than the old folk. Men and women who have lived under a certain set of conditions all their lives will find it difficult to adjust themselves to new surroundings."

Also, we are reminded by the Baltimore *Sun:*

"There is the factor of Dominion opposition to large-scale British emigration. The basic industries of coal, ship-building, and textiles, in which unemployment in the mother country is most acute, are precisely those in which there is little opportunity in Canada, Australia, or South Africa. The Canadian Minister of Labor has been prompt to point this out, showing that no service is rendered by transforming an unemployed British worker into one who has small chance of work in Canada."

Great Britain's labor predicament is ascribed to a number of causes, among which are the increasing number of young women entering industry and the system of government "doles," inaugurated as a war-relief measure. "The average jobless Englishmen," observes the Detroit *Free Press*, "seems to care little about adventuring in far-off lands, the less so because a government pension, to which the employed actually contribute, keeps him in food, clothing, and shelter." Mr. A. G. Gardiner, in a London dispatch to the Consolidated Press, tells us that—

"The most alarming aspect of the catastrophe is the case of the miners. The Commission finds that the industry is left with a surplus of 200,000 miners permanently out of work.

"The problem the Commission is called upon to solve is how these dense masses of a derelict industry can be salvaged. Since the war the country has spent a billion dollars on relief works without achieving any enduring improvement in the condition of labor.

"Continuance of these solid masses in pauperism constitutes a serious social menace. A whole generation of workmen is deteriorating into loafers, and a new generation of youth is springing up in areas offering no prospect of employment."

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NEW BEDFORD STRIKERS LISTENING TO THE STORY OF THEIR WRONGS

NEW BEDFORD'S ORDEAL

NOBODY WAS KILLED at New Bedford, Massachusetts, on July 30, but none the less one phase of a tragedy was enacted there, dispassionate observers tell us. Soldiers with fixt bayonets swept the streets clear of a crowd of 10,000 cotton-mill strikers who had been idle for fifteen weeks. Bricks were thrown, one police officer was injured, and 256 rioters were arrested and later sentenced to jail for two to six months. Does this mean that the hard-working mill operatives of New Bedford had suddenly become enemies of law and order? Or does it mean, on the other hand, that the mill owners, who had ordered a 10 per cent. wage reduction, are a race of monsters, bent upon robbing their employees of bread in order to swell their own fortunes? It means neither, and therein lies the tragedy, replies the Baltimore *Sun*, viewing the situation from a point midway between the two sections concerned—for the cotton-mills of the South are a part of the drama. Thus to the Baltimore paper the New Bedford strikers seem to be merely "hard-working men defending what seem to them their rights, protesting against a wage cut that will drive them down to the level of the economically submerged," while the mill owners, in turn, seem to be "a set of hard-driven business men thrust against the wall by competition which they can not meet." The real cause of New England's textile troubles, the same paper continues, is found in the ability of the new mills in the South to turn out increasing quantities of cotton goods at less cost. Thus—

"Newer mills with better machinery, greater proximity to the raw material, cheaper power, lower taxes, and cheaper labor are underselling New England and yet making a profit. The cotton-manufacturing business in New England is simply being strangled to death, and mill owners and mill workers alike are suffering."

Once a famous whaling port, New Bedford gradually became one of the great cotton-mill towns of New England, paying $30,000,000 yearly in wages alone, and making some of the finest cottons in America, ranging from sheetings and ginghams up to fine lawns and airplane cloth. But the World War boom left the mills with big surplus stocks and with machinery geared to turn out a mile and one-half of cloth for every working minute in the week; and at the same time the increasing competition of Southern mills, coupled with the shortening of women's dresses and other causes, reduced profits to a point where, the mill owners declared, wages must be reduced in order to avoid running at a loss. That, in brief, is the story of how 28,000 workers come to be idle in New Bedford, many of them hungry and in dire want.

Turning to the local papers, we find the New Bedford *Standard* asking:

"What price the 10 per cent. reduction in wages? A strike that has lasted fifteen weeks. A loss in wages, as a consequence of that strike, of about $400,000 a week. Call it $6,000,000 to date—$6,000,000 taken from the regular channels of trade, from merchants and landlords—$6,000,000 not in the hands of workers to spend for the needs and enjoyments of themselves and of their dependents. A loss to the mills of overhead expenses going on day by day during a period of non-production. A threatened loss of markets as a revival of a demand for goods finds New Bedford mills unable to fill orders.

"On top of this dollar-and-cents loss must be placed the loss that comes from the incitement to violence inherent in all protracted labor wards, and the spirit of resentment and animosity that is being aroused in the workers."

The strike began quietly, with perfect order, and with great liberality as to the number of pickets allowed; but as the struggle dragged on, it acquired the inevitable bitterness, and radical leaders from outside the State gained control, we are told, introducing an unlawful massing of pickets that resulted in wholesale arrests—arrests that placed all the chief leaders in jail. On this phase of the subject, the New Bedford *Times* says:

"We believe that the relatively very few radical visitors from other places—who came here only to make trouble, and have succeeded in that aim only too well—should be handled as quickly as possible and given the utmost sentence possible; and that appeals and such other maneuvers in their cases should be restricted to the absolute minimum. But we do not feel that the comparatively very large number of cases of local residents and workers who have been mixed up in the picketing and arrests without any criminal violence or other such charges against them should be necessarily visited with court proceedings."

The main question is not one of lawlessness, most observers agree, but one of competition and a living wage. According to a correspondent of the New York *World*, the average wage in these mills has been $19.32 a week, and the proposed cut would bring the average down to less than $17. The workers say they can not support their families on such an income, while on the other hand the employers say they can not pay more so long as they are in competition with non-union mills in the Carolinas and Georgia.

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

HOME is where the garage is.—*Dallas News.*

THIS campaign year sees a dry issue become so dry that it is a burning issue.—*Asheville Times.*

IF, as reported, Colonel Lindbergh seeks oblivion, he might try flying across an ocean with a lady passenger.—*Macon Telegraph.*

THE worker's lot is hard when he thinks he must choose between a full dinner pail and a full beer pail.—*New Britain Herald.*

MR. FORD gave Mr. Rockefeller a new Ford car for his birthday present. And now another cash customer will have to wait a while.—*Kansas City Star.*

"WOMEN Not to Be Soiled by Contact with Tammany" shouts a head-line. Possibly they prefer to "Be Oiled by Contact with G. O. P."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THERE is some talk of General Nobile joining the Anti-Balloon League.—*Tampa Tribune.*

THE average Vice-President feels like a spare tire strapped on behind.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

MAYBE what General Nobile had in mind was a North Pole expedition to end North Pole expeditions.—*Macon Telegraph.*

THE difference seems to be that drinking one's self to death, nowadays, is less effort, as compared to formerly. —*Detroit News.*

A MEXICAN arrested by the police in New York was found to be unarmed. It was enough to arouse any policeman's suspicions.—*Punch.*

BOLIVIA has decided that bull-fights are "not educational," and therefore should be prohibited. No one can tell us those South American republics are not advancing in culture.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THIS CAMPAIGN WILL BE A CONTEST IN EFFICIENCY, GENTLEMEN, AND OVERCOMING VOTE RESISTANCE BY PSYCHOLOGICAL PROCEDURE
THE PRECINCT BOYS
BIG BUSINESS

THE NEW ORDER

—Thomas in the Detroit *News.*

NATIONAL traffic experts plan to give the pedestrian the right of way, but the pedestrian is in a ticklish position for enforcing his right.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

IT is said that man can now fly five times as fast as a bird. Maybe so, but you hardly ever heard of a bird coming down out of control.—*Macon Telegraph.*

THE rubber industry and the scrap-iron trade are the latest to choose dictators. The motto of business is "Hitch your wagon to a czar."—*The New Yorker.*

WE don't know that we'd pick a Bolshevik as a bridge partner, but if we ever get lost in the neighborhood of the North Pole we'd like to have a few of 'em around.—*Macon Telegraph.*

OIL men are working on a new code of ethics, according to a report. This will replace the old one, "Don't Get Caught," which several of the boys violated recently.—*New York Evening Post.*

GOLF clubs of the United States have been requested to close on national election days. Another, and possibly better, idea would be to make the nineteenth hole a voting booth.—*Seattle Times.*

THE wets and drys are kicking up a pretty big row in this campaign over the Prohibition Law, seeing that if Smith is elected he can't repeal it and if Hoover is elected he can't enforce it.—*Washington Post.*

CRIME is a disease that calls for arrest cure.—*Wall Street Journal.*

THE country hasn't any surplus religion to waste on politics. —*Asheville Times.*

DR. CRANE says business must be beautiful. It is, when enough orders are coming in.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

AS we understand the anti-Smithites among our Democratic friends, the South will be neither solid nor liquid this year.— *Asheville Times.*

A KANSAS CITY firm has bought 10,000 discarded automobiles and will use the metal to make farm implements. Beating Fords into plowshares, as it were.—*New York Evening Post.*

THE train-men favoring shorter trains raise the point of safety in that, we presume, it is easier for a short train to dodge motorists at the grade crossings.—*Topeka State Journal.*

PROBABLY the remotest control of all remote controls nowadays is parental control. —*Louisville Times.*

AN American claims that he can play the saxophone while blindfolded. Handcuffs seem to be the only remedy.—*Punch.*

NOTHING else dispels the allure of the Good Old Days, so called, like a short journey through the family album.— *Detroit News.*

THE Powers of the world have abolished war, little more than ten years after the United States abolished liquor. — *Tampa Tribune.*

THE serious thing about this campaign of education is that a whole lot of other people have got to be fooled, in addition to the customary farmers.—*Ohio State Journal.*

WHEN Mr. Vare desires to buy another office, he should come South to make the investment. When you buy one down here, you at least get the office.—*Macon Telegraph.*

YOU can't influence a woman's ballot. Come what will, she is going to vote against the candidate whose wife she dislikes. —*Publishers Syndicate.*

THE Paris divorce mills, we hear, have greatly curtailed their production. Cases are already on record of Americans returning with the very same wives they took over.—*The New Yorker.*

THE only way to settle finally the shape of the earth is to take a popular ballot, flats versus rounds, the earth agreeing to abide by the majority decision.—*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

NEW YORK customs agents seize $1,000,000 worth of pre-war rye concealed in kegs of herrings. The suspicions of the astute sleuths were aroused when it was observed that the herrings were pickled.—*Washington Post.*

IT has been stated that at the end of the year Mr. Lloyd George will give up writing newspaper articles. In recognition of this fine spirit several Fleet Street journalists have given up the idea of becoming Prime Minister.—*Punch.*

AT last this country is approaching naval parity. Altho Great Britain has cruisers with such awe-inspiring names as *Intrepid* and *Dauntless*, Uncle Sam is building a 10,000-ton cruiser to be named *Chicago*.—*Chicago Daily News.*

THE situation appears to sift down to this, that either one of the great parties can sweep the country if it stands shoulder to shoulder and works harmoniously, and that neither will stand and work in the manner indicated.—*Ohio State Journal.*

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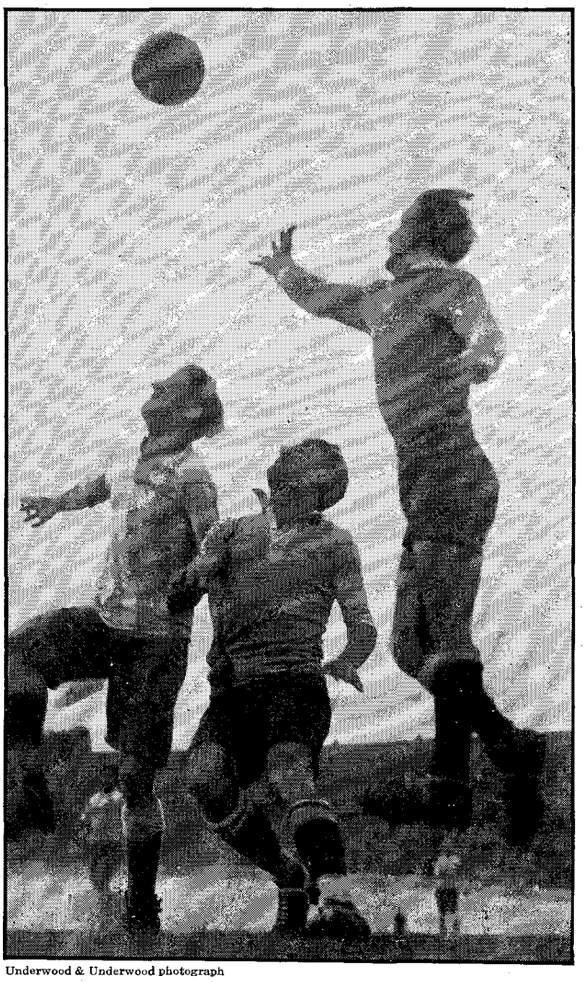
FOREIGN - COMMENT

LATIN AMERICA'S FOOTBALL JUBILATION

NO POLITICAL OR DIPLOMATIC achievement of the Latin-American countries, we are told, has caused such a wave of enthusiasm in Latin America as the final soccer game of the Olympic football match in Amsterdam, in which the soccer football teams of Argentina and Uruguay administered defeat to the teams of Italy, France, Spain, Mexico, Holland, Germany, the United States, Belgium, Luxembourg, Egypt, Portugal, Turkey, Jugoslavia, and Chile. The news of the Argentinian and Uruguayan triumph in the soccer game is hailed in Latin America as most sensational and gratifying, and as "marking a new era in international relations." The most moderate South American dailies appear to join in saying the victories of the two South American teams are destined to open the eyes of the world to the potential vigor and future of the Latin-American races. But not much attention to the contests has been paid in the press outside Latin-American countries, which were more interested in other features of the series of the Olympic games. But, as *El Dia* of Montevideo, Uruguay, notes, in the play-off game for the soccer championship between Argentina and Uruguay, Uruguay, which was the victor in 1924, triumphed again. How politics looms smaller to certain Uruguayans than soccer football may be judged from the remark of this Montevideo newspaper that:



Underwood & Underwood photograph

ARGENTINA VS. URUGUAY

In the play-off game for the soccer championship, after defeating the teams of fourteen other nations in the Olympic football games. This Latin-American triumph is considered in Latin America as "marking a new era in international relations."

"Thanks to this great victory the superiority of the Latin-American republics over the peoples of the Old World is clearly established, and mankind will pause and gaze at our progress and begin to know us better.

"Tho it would seem to be unbelievable, most of Europe ignores the existence of the republics of Latin America, and it is only through the efforts of our athletes that there is now born a desire to get acquainted with the land of the strong and youthful nations, who in a very near future will play an important rôle on the world stage.

"Our victory has been magnificent, and we could not ask more of our champions. They have been the embodiment of our strength, our virtues, our will to win. Latin America may well be thankful to these men who have taken to Europe a superb proof of our lofty aspirations and strength."

El Diario del Plata, also of Montevideo, Uruguay, declares:

"Having repeated their victory of 1924, when Uruguay defeated the best teams of the world, the All-Latin-American final, fought this year, establishes the clear-cut superiority of Latin America in the soccer football world. While four years ago the victory of Uruguay was in itself a tremendous challenge to the Old World, the fact that the two teams which fought for the final honors are neighbors and belong to the same race means that the Latin-American peoples have become the foremost exponents of soccer football science and strategy."

Both *La Prensa* and *La Nación*, of Buenos Aires, Argentina, regret that the Argentine team should have been defeated, but that they share the point of view of their Uruguayan colleagues may be judged from *La Nación:*

"Throughout Latin America, the fact that two Latin-American teams were to play the final game of the Olympic soccer contest has been received with unprecedented enthusiasm, and not even the most audacious air feats of recent years have aroused the nationalistic feeling to the point reached by the news from Amsterdam."

Turning to the European press, we find in *De Telegraaf*, of Amsterdam, a frank admission of the superiority of the Latin-American players, when it says:

"Are we to admit that the soccer football crown is firmly held in the hands of Latin America, and that the Latin-American science of the game, made possible through the feline aggressiveness, the presence of mind and the rapidity of their players, is to vanquish the traditional calm and poise of the Anglo-Saxon players? While there may be better players in the world than those seen at Amsterdam during this contest, there is no doubt that both the Argentine and the Uruguayan teams under certain conditions can defeat any Anglo-Saxon team."

Says *Le Journal*, of Paris:

"Both Argentina and Uruguay deserved to win. Argentina for having a more homogeneous, elegant and brilliant team. Nevertheless, Uruguay, which came from behind, and defeated in turn such strong teams as the Holland, German, and Italian teams, also deserves our admiration."

The *Algemeen Haldelsbad*, of Amsterdam, observes:

"The Olympic soccer games have served to bring home to Europe that Latin America is their master in football. We must learn to respect the small nations which we despise, due to their

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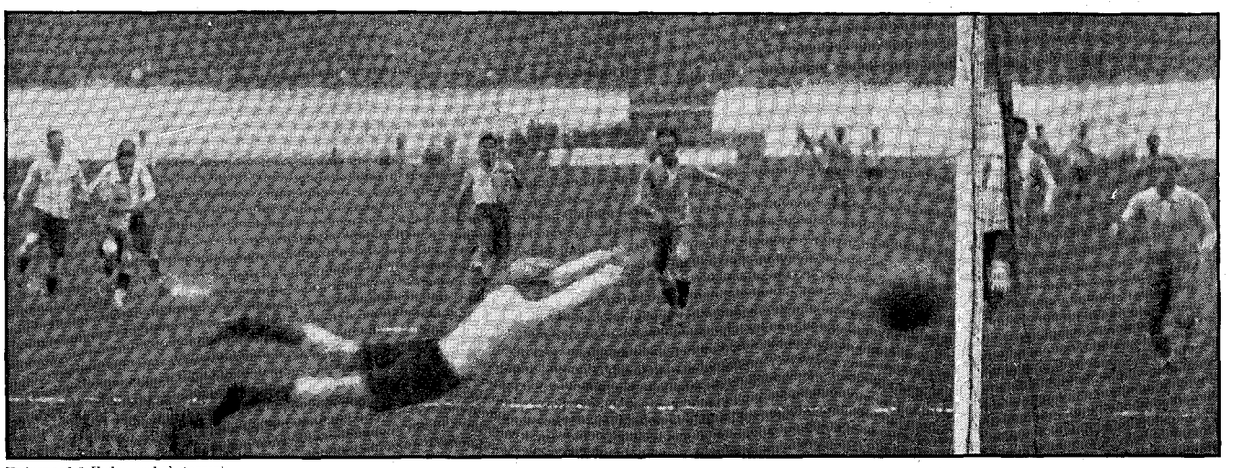

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THE SECOND GOAL FOR URUGUAY

In that eleven's playoff match with the Argentine team in the Olympic games. The victories of the South American teams, according to their fellow countrymen, are "destined to open the eyes of the world to the potential vigor and future of the Latin-American races."

geographical or political insignificance. The great qualities displayed by their players vividly reveal their individualities and create the desire to know them better."

Analyzing the qualities that have made Latin America invincible in soccer football, a contributor to *El Mercurio*, of Santiago, Chile, attributes the great strides taken by Latin-American players to the increasing nationalistic spirit recently developed in these countries, and he adds:

"There is no doubt that the victory of Latin America in the Olympic soccer games is a sign of the coming preponderance of the Latin-American races, which during one hundred years have lagged behind, due to their lack of confidence and the absence of a 'will to win.' Our temperament is specially adaptable to football, which requires a quick perception, a fighting sense, and great agility. Football is really a pacific battle, and Latin Americans yearn for scraps. The glamour of victory is far more important to a Latin American than to a Saxon. We play and fight to win, and we take defeat as a dishonor. That is what makes our teams invincible."

INCREASE OF SUICIDE IN PRUSSIA—A saddening revelation, furnished by statistics, lately published in Germany, is that suicide among women in Prussia has increased during the past half-century by 157 per cent., but among men only by 29 per cent. For all that, the Berlin correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* points out, self-destruction remains much more common among men than women, and he goes on to say:

"Of the 9,746 suicides recorded in 1926, the year for which the figures are now made known, 6,988 were committed by men and only 2,758 by women. Not only absolutely, but also relatively, 1926 was a record year in self-destruction for the whole of the period since 1876, when the causes of death were first registered in Prussia. In that year there were 25.3 suicides to every 100,000 of the living population. The proportion was the lowest at 15.8 in 1888. It is significant, but not surprizing, that the rate in Berlin was 47, or nearly twice that for the entire State.

"Of the Prussian suicides in 1926, 3,002 took their lives by hanging, 1,733 (including 127 women) by shooting, 1,507 by drowning, 1,187 by inhaling domestic gas, 572 by poisoning, 386 by flinging themselves in front of trains, and 247 by jumping from high places.

"As between religions, suicide is rarest among Catholics and commonest among Jews. In the latter case it is distributed pretty equally between the two sexes.

"A significant illustration to the statistics is supplied by a case reported in this evening's papers. Despite paternal prohibition, the twenty-year-old daughter of a peasant fruit farmer had her hair bobbed. When she came home from the barber, she was soundly rated by her father. This she took so much to heart that she drowned herself in the neighboring lake."

A MOVE FOR SCOTTISH HOME RULE

A KEEN CONSCIOUSNESS of the so-called ruinous conditions which obtain at present in Scotland, through neglect of her under the existing régime, and the policy of gradual and increasing encroachment upon her institutions, are said to be responsible for the formation of the National party of Scotland, which will function through parliamentary representatives at Westminster, as well as by means of propagandist effort on Scottish soil. This party, we are advised by Lewis Spence in the Edinburgh *Review*, has emerged from the deliberations of representative leaders belonging to the four existing Scottish nationalist bodies. Long experience has made it apparent that none of the existing political parties, he avers, can be relied upon to place a measure for Scottish self-government in the forefront of their programs, and far less upon the statute book. Therefore, it was resolved after most careful deliberation, we read, to depart from the policy of depending for support on these, and to establish a separate Scottish Nationalist party, distinct in aim and effort, which will endeavor to secure the suffrages of Scottish electors in support of a policy of autonomy for Scotland, based on her peculiar needs as a separate community and aiming at the reconstruction of Scottish national life. Then, this informant tells us:

"For some months past conversations have been in progress relative to the formation of such a body, between delegates drawn from the Scottish Home Rule Association, the Scots National League, the Scottish National Movement, and the Glasgow University Scottish Nationalist Association, and altho in some cases it has not been found practicable to bring these associations into the party as a united whole, the majority of their members have joined it, and a large following has already been assured.

"The main objects of the party, as exprest in its draft constitution, are 'self-government for Scotland with independent national status within the British group of nations, together with the reconstruction of Scottish national life.' This policy will be maintained by representation in the House of Commons and in the local authorities throughout Scotland, as well as by disseminating propaganda over the length and breadth of the country. A panel of approved parliamentary candidates is to be drawn up, who will be required to sign a declaration that if elected they will support the party on all questions, and will retire from the House of Commons if called upon to do so at any time by the governing body.

"It is believed that Nationalist members sitting at Westminster could safeguard the interests of Scotland there more satisfactorily than Scottish members belonging to the now existing parties, whose hands are too often tied by sectional and partizan interests."

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ENGLAND A "MAN'S COUNTRY"

NOT TOO FLATTERING JUDGMENTS of American women and of American men have been recently seen in the pages of THE LITERARY DIGEST, and their point and vigor were due chiefly to the fact that they came from overseas. This is a good reason for presenting the somewhat similarly spirited opinions of an American woman who can see England only as "a man's country," run by men for the benefit of the men. Anonymously contributing to the London *Daily Mail*, she avers that she has found nothing in England quite so astonishing as the way English women allow themselves to be sacrificed and pushed into the background by English men. The dominance of man extends throughout the length and breadth of England, we are told, but is nowhere so noticeable as in the country, and this American observer continues:

"In London, I find, young women can afford to be a little more independent, tho few of them actually are. They can go together to the theater or cinema; taxicabs, for those who can afford them, remove all difficulties in the way of getting about; and any woman keen about dancing can have as much as she wants if she cares to attend tea-dances at the big hotels and engage a professional partner.

"The country girl is not so lucky. I have just returned to London after a stay of some weeks in a fashionable county, and the outstanding impression in my mind is the discontent, in some cases exprest with real bitterness of soul, of nearly all the girls with whom I talked.

"'Girls!' said one young woman cynically. 'What do girls matter here?' And as she went on to tell me about her family life, I could understand the twist in her smile.

"She was the daughter of a lawyer of rather limited means, with a family of three girls and a boy. From the first it was made clear that the boy's interests came first. Parents and sisters had to pinch and scrape; the boy had the best of everything. He was sent to a famous public school, where he showed no special aptitude either for work or for games; his sisters had to be content with a little local school and the cheapest of cotton frocks. And now he is at one of the universities on a liberal allowance, while his parents still live a life of Spartan austerity and his sisters are denied not only the pretty things for which every girl craves but even the price of an occasional journey to London and a pit-seat at the theater.

"The injustice which ate into these girls' souls was manifested in a thousand ways, great and small. For the benefit of the son, for instance, the family run a car. Do the girls use it when he is away? They do not. It is locked up in the garage to save petrol."

The exaggerated respect paid to the needs and wishes of males, it is alleged, naturally has its effect on their manners, and this informant then asks us to hear the case of a girl whose brother invited another undergraduate to visit at his home. The visitor asked the sister to go to a dance, and, arriving there, they had one dance. But we are further advised that he then met another girl he knew and proceeded to dance with her for the rest of the evening. Then this American woman was amazed to note that "tho the girl's brother invited his visitor to find hospitality elsewhere in the future, none of the other girls seemed to think the episode very unusual." The truth is, according to this observer, that polished tho the best type of Englishman be—more especially those of pre-war vintage—the majority of younger men have an air of aloofness and indifference which testifies, more eloquently than words, to the homage paid them by women. We read then:

"Of this I had ample evidence. At the tennis club, where in most parts of the world I should have found young men and women playing mixed doubles and chatting and laughing over tea, I saw a score of girls and seven or eight men. Beyond a formal bow not one of the men took the slightest notice of the other sex; and this, I was informed, was in no way unusual.

"As for mixed doubles, the mere suggestion brought a mirthless smile. 'Good heavens! Do you imagine that any of them would play with us?' cried a pretty, fair-haired girl of twenty.

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"THE EXAGGERATED RESPECT" PAID TO ENGLISH MEN HAS "ITS EFFECT ON THEIR MANNERS"

TEMPERAMENTAL YOUTH (entering gustily): "My dear Mrs. Browne, I really must apologize . . . so late."
HOSTESS: "But you're not late. We don't dine till 8:30."
TEMPERAMENTAL YOUTH (not to be denied): "Then I really must apologize . . . being in time."

They think it would spoil their game. Besides, they make it pretty clear that they would be bored.' And this is the sort of thing I have found everywhere throughout the English country.

"In the United States, in the East (where women are scarce), and in the British Dominions the positions are reversed. There women's needs and wishes come first, and the man who does not study them is promptly dropt for the man who will. This was probably what Lord Northesk had in mind when he said in New York the other day, with reference to his divorce from an American girl, that he did 'not think that marriage between English men and American girls is the best thing.'

"Certainly it should be realized in advance how different are the positions of the sexes in the two countries and how strange, despite his charm, seems the Englishman's point of view. Otherwise many a matrimonial experiment is doomed to end in disaster."

An English woman's view of her sex is presented in the London *Evening Standard* by Edith Shackleton who says that women, so far, have been the unhappy sex, for all their easier laughter, their readiness to decorate themselves, and the protection and homage they receive in many states of life, and she adds: "The ancient said, 'Call no man happy till he is dead.' A modern might say, 'Call no woman happy unless she is out of earshot,' for we are now much encumbered by women who are not happy or will not own up to it if they are, and behave as tho to call them happy is to insult them by a charge of crudity or selfishness."

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SCIENCE ▾ AND ▾ INVENTION

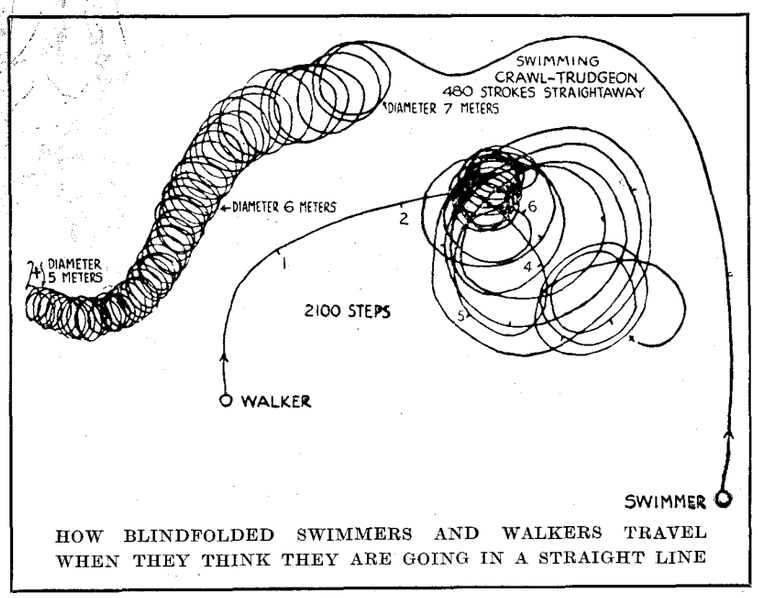
WHY LOST PEOPLE GO IN CIRCLES

NOT BECAUSE one leg is longer than the other, concludes Dr. Asa A. Schaeffer, Professor of Zoology in Kansas University, who has been investigating the subject. Most people's legs do vary, but there is no connection at all between this variation and the spirals that they make when lost or blindfolded. Dr. Schaeffer has found that spiraling is a universal mode of progress among living things, tho he can not tell exactly why. In Science Service's *Science News Letter* (Washington) Emily C. Davis presents some of Dr. Schaeffer's conclusions. She writes:

"With your eyes shut, could you walk in a straight line across a big level field? Probably not, for in experiments on blindfolded walkers and automobile drivers, not one single person succeeded in taking himself where he intended to go.

"Instead, the blindfolded persons went wandering across the field in spiral paths, making smaller and smaller circles as they continued to wander, corkscrew fashion. Pictures of their meanderings look like a child's scrawling attempts to draw smoke curling out of a chimney.

"As a result of 300 of these blindfolded steering experiments, Dr. Asa A. Schaeffer, zoologist of the University of Kansas, has at last explained why people lost in the woods or desert go around in hopeless and frantic circles, and why blindfolded people have such difficulty in pinning the tail on the donkey at parties. More important than that, to the zoologist, he has demonstrated the existence of a steering mechanism in animals and men that makes them turn in spirals when it gets control of a situation—a sort of 'sixth sense' that most people have never dreamed that they possess.



HOW BLINDFOLDED SWIMMERS AND WALKERS TRAVEL WHEN THEY THINK THEY ARE GOING IN A STRAIGHT LINE

"Dr. Schaeffer was started off on this investigation by one of the smallest animals in existence, a single-celled ameba, swimming in a glass of clear water. For several hours he observed the curving path taken by the tiny organism, and he became curious to know whether other animals, and men too, are compelled to travel a crooked path in life if eyes and other senses fail to steer them.

"After a light snowfall, the zoologist and several students went out to a race-track, and each one set out blindfolded to walk in a straight line across the unbroken snow. To their surprize, when they studied the tracks in the snow, each path formed a clock-spring spiral of great regularity. Sometimes an individual started off in a comparatively straight walk, but the path soon veered to right or left, and after that it never regained its original straightforwardness.

"Some of the walkers circled to the right. Some circled left. Some varied occasionally. But generally an individual kept turning in the direction first taken when he started on a blindfold trip.

"Dr. Schaeffer continued the experiments. He took students and instructors out on big level fields in Kansas and Colorado and set them to walking blindfold, and recorded the spiral paths they took. He turned a Ford coupé loose on a Kansas prairie with a series of blindfold drivers, or sometimes with a blindfold person sitting beside the driver and directing the route, and the paths chosen by the steerers were more spirals. He had blindfolded swimmers dive into the water and try to swim straight ahead, using various strokes; and diagrams of their swimming, carefully recorded, showed the same clock-spring spirals that were becoming so familiar.

"The paths taken by small swimming creatures were also studied by the zoologist. He found that even animals that seem to swim erratically and in unusual fashions, such as small jelly fish, young king crabs, tadpoles, and sea worms, all swam in spirals.

"In the experiments with men he attempted to shut off guidance from the eyes, ears, and other senses to reduce a human being more or less to the same level as the simple lower animals. If the sun was bright, the blindfolded walker carried an umbrella to shut off any clues that might be given by the heat and light of the sun. If a breeze was blowing, a coat was sometimes wrapt around his head to prevent the wind from blowing on his face and thus giving a direction clue to his sense of touch. To keep his mind occupied as uniformly as possible, the walker was asked to count his steps as he moved toward his goal.

"After a number of tracks were recorded, it became evident that the same mechanism which caused the clock-spring spirals in the experiments also cause the 'circles' when persons lose their way. The lost person's eyes simply become useless as orientating organs for distance.

"'And similarly,' Dr. Schaeffer explains, 'wild game, when hard prest, run in circles because fear overcomes the orienting power of the eyes and nose, and then the spiraling mechanism leads them in "circles."

"'This investigation is, therefore, not only a contribution toward explaining a deep-seated and wide-spread biological phenomenon, but also an explanation for a bit of folklore about the paths of persons who lose their way, and of game that is hard-prest in the chase.'

"Circles made by persons losing their way are much larger than the experimental circles with the eyes shut, he explains. With the eyes open, it is possible to walk in straight stretches as far as one can see clearly, which may be thirty or sixty feet in a snow-storm or fog, or several hundred feet in a forest. Then the lost person pauses, wonders which way he ought to go, and sets off again. The circles in such circumstances are really irregular paths in which the person walks a straight line for a short distance, then turns at an angle and proceeds on around the 'circle.' The circles walked by a man lost in the desert or forest may have a circumference of fifteen or even fifty miles, according to some accounts.

"The belief that persons who lose their way go around in circles is deeply ingrained in folklore of many races, from the Hindu to the Norwegian and from the Chinese to the American.

"There is evidence that European cave-dwellers of the Old Stone Age held the same belief, for the ancient hunters left behind them a reindeer antler with well-drawn clock-spring spirals carved on it, the oldest record of a clock-spring spiral carved by man.

"The traditional explanation of why lost people do go in circles is as wide-spread as the belief itself. The answer always given is that, of course, a person turns to the right, or to the

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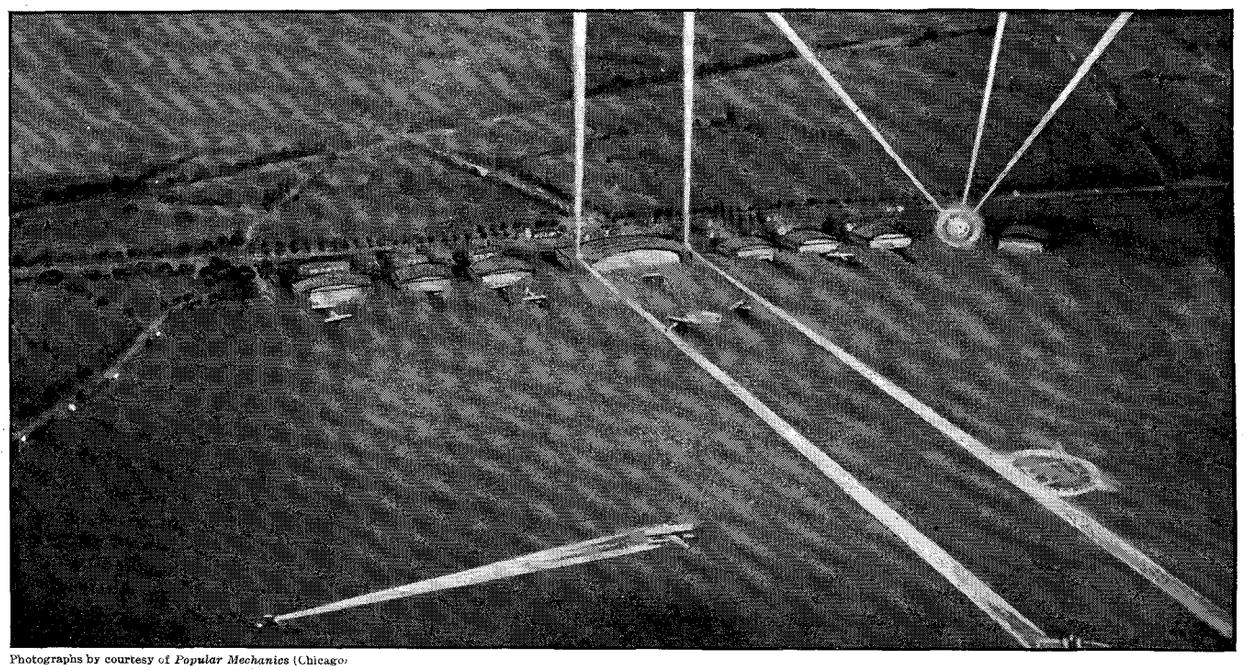


Photographs by courtesy of *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago)

HOW PAU'S NEW AIRPORT WILL LOOK AT NIGHT

Note the vertical beacon lights and horizontal flares which will guide the planes to the great landing-shed, where the passengers will embark and disembark under shelter from the weather. Here is room for three of the largest air liners at one time.

left, because one leg is stronger or longer than the other, so that leg takes a slightly longer step.

"Biologists have taken measurements of arms and legs to prove that they do not match in the average human being. But strangely enough, no one has ever recorded the paths taken by lost or blindfolded persons to see whether a man with a long right leg really does veer to the left.

"Dr. Schaeffer's experiments show that there is no connection between a right-handed or right-legged person and the direction of the turns he is likely to make. From the variety of living things studied, the zoologist has concluded that spiral movement must be a universal property of moving, living matter. Experiments show that blindfolded college students and blindfolded mice swim in paths, very similar to the simplest water creatures that lack eyes and other senses completely.

"One of the discoveries of the investigation is that pictures of paths made by a blindfolded person are decidedly individual in detail, and show something about his personality. People who concentrate easily on what they are told to do walk in smoother spirals and fall into the spiral path more quickly than others.

"People of the plodding type who concentrate on one idea for a long time make paths consisting of long and regular series of spiral turns all in the same direction and gradually growing smaller, the diagrams show. Temperamental people, who change frequently from one idea to another, make open paths with few spiral turns, frequent reversals and many almost straight stretches.

"It is possible, the zoologist believes, that further understanding of the connection between temperamental differences of this sort and the character of the paths may give a measuring-stick for certain traits of personality. In other words, the shape and number of the spirals made by an individual may prove an index to the amount of certain traits that he possesses."

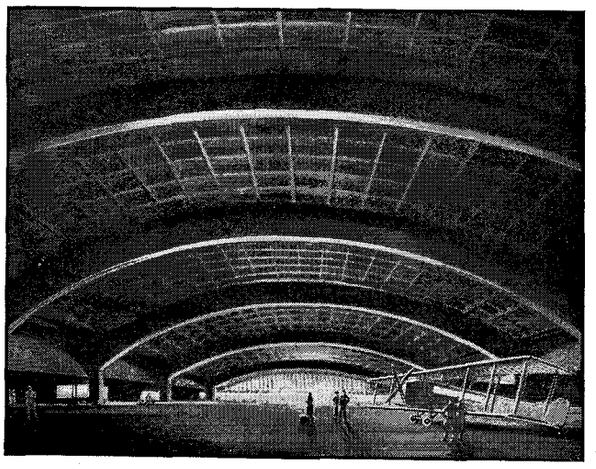
SOMETHING NEW IN AIRPORTS

A RADICALLY NEW IDEA IN AIRPORTS is to be realized at Pau, France, fifty miles from Bordeaux, as a result of competition for the best airdrome plans, says *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago, August). The winner of the prize, Maurice Chauchon, who also has won a traveling scholarship in the United States to permit him to study American architecture, has taken the railroad-terminal idea and applied it to the needs of aerial travelers. We read:

"Under a glass-lighted 'train-shed' of heroic dimensions, the passengers of the European international air lines will embark and debark, sheltered from the weather and protected from the dust or mud of the usual landing-field. The enormous landing-room is to be 370 feet wide and 260 feet deep, furnishing plenty of room for three of the largest air liners at one time. The incoming planes, landing on the open field, will taxi directly into the shelter, and after unloading, will run out again and down the line to one of the row of hangars alongside of it.

"Two giant search-lights will be mounted at the front corners of the landing-shed, one of each pair pointing directly upward at night as beacon lights, and the other leveled across the field, to furnish a stream of illumination for landing planes. The marking beacon of the field, throwing three vertical beams, will be at one side of the hangars, and the name, set in the ground, will be covered with heavy glass and electrically lighted by night.

"In addition to the landing-room and hangars for the planes, the plans include machine shops, storehouses for spare parts, a restaurant, hotel rooms, custom office, information bureau, ticket office, and even a booth where money can be exchanged for the currencies of any other country to be



INTERIOR OF THE GIANT LANDING-SHED

In this train-shed for airplanes, to be built at Pau, France, the railroad-terminal idea is applied to the need of aerial travelers.

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visited, so the traveler will reach his destination supplied with funds of the right kind.

"Altho only twenty-eight years old, the designer has won a number of other prize contests since his graduation from the famous Ecole des Beaux-Arts."

DEGENERATION OF CULTIVATED PLANTS

THE PLANTS ON WHICH MAN depends for food are growing feebler, more subject to disease. So asserts Louis Ranguy in an article contributed to *Le Progres Civique* (Paris). This degeneration has been particularly noticeable of late years, he thinks, and he blames for it our efforts to breed varieties that will produce greater crops, but that are in many cases unsuited to their new environments, and so fall a prey to disease. Plants first—man next, warns Mr. Ranguy. The matter is worth man's attention, for the whole future existence of the human race is bound up in it. The geologic past has lessons for us, he thinks, and he begins with it. We read:

"Altho progress has perfected a certain number of living beings by specializing them in certain functions and for a particular environment, it has in so doing rendered them much more delicate.

"Every time that different conditions act on these beings, animals or plants, removing them from the *optimune*, they degenerate more or less rapidly, for they no longer find within them forces of reaction sufficient to neutralize the numerous maladies that assail them.

"Hitherto the lack of balance between destruction and creation has caused us little worry. Only a few physiologists, here and there, who in recent years have studied the manifestations of life and the transformations of vital energy, have observed that during past centuries there have been very clear cases of animal and vegetable degeneration.

"Our age, in particular, seems to be affected by a very serious degeneration of cultivated plants. This might be extremely dangerous, for without nutrient vegetables, our poor humanity which hitherto can not live on mineral extracts or on energy derived from radiation, would also itself fall into decrepitude.

"Natural progress, modifying the environment in which living things grow—soil, air, water—has already caused, since the world's beginning, notable changes and weaknesses.

"For instance, in the plant world—early in the Eocene Age, the magnificent and luxuriant flora of the Carboniferous period suddenly disappeared—or rather degenerated, for their present descendants do not attain a twentieth of the size of their far-off ancestors.

"Among animals, the monsters of the Primary Age, veritable living fortresses, reptiles that flew, walked erect or swam—the dinosaurs and others, also disappeared, owing to changes in their environment. This environment has been considerably improved. The air, naturally vitiated and overcharged with moisture, has been purified. The standard climate of the Primary and Secondary Ages has given place to numerous climates, geographically varied. A fauna and flora adapted to each of these climates has been developed; each species shows numerous varieties. Finally, at the beginning of the present era, the degeneration and disappearance of the Mammoth is one of the most salient and classic events.

"And man appeared. He very quickly made a place for himself by his mind, placed at the service of his strength. He succeeded in freeing himself from hostile animal species, already greatly decimated by internal conflicts. He slew their progenitors, and the races fell quickly into decrepitude; this was the case with the giant cave bear, the prehistoric rhinoceros and the saber-toothed tiger—now all extinct. Later our hunter-ancestor became a herdsman and then a farmer. He chose animals that could give him milk, flesh, or labor; he trained them for the special service that he desired.

"And now man, for his own pleasure, is replacing muscle with the motor, at least in part. He is thus growing weaker. The serum of civilization is modifying little by little his natural vivacity.

"Now this evil of organic destruction, not so noticeable in the animal world, is becoming more disquieting in the vegetable. But 'the animal lives on the vegetable'; if one perishes, so will the other.

"In general, all our plants are getting feebler and more delicate. Numerous and various maladies are attacking them. Besides those due to fungi, bacteria, and cocci are producing tumors, necrosis, decay, and all sorts of injuries. There is even a vegetable cancer. Phyto-pathology is daily discovering new plant diseases, often very similar to those that affect animals. When we think of what the further development of these new scourges may bring about, we may wonder whether to-morrow may have some dire surprize in store. Is there to be a second universal deluge—this time of microbes and disease?

"For several years past new diseases seem to be attacking our plants. These are characterized by their incurability, their heredity with aggravation, and their infectiousness. At present most of our food varieties of potato are thus infected—the beet, tomato, sugar-cane, maize, wheat in the United States, tobacco.

"These troubles are visible to the eye, especially on the leaves. These first roll up: then spots and patches appear (mosaics) and the nerves dry up.

"In general the plant loses its value; the reserve substances—starches, sugars, and acids—instead of proceeding to the tuber, root or fruit, remain in the leaf. The seed, having at its disposal less and less nutriment, gives us feebler and feebler plants.

"The causes of all this are numerous. First, our plants have become more delicate by reason of too great specialization due to selection and crossing. Then, commercial relations have extended the area of disease.

"But the great trouble comes from attempts to acclimate delicate plants in an unfit environment. All the combination of remarkable characteristics that the genetist is forcing on his plants, will collapse because the foundations will not support it. Shortly the best varieties will quickly disappear, and the farmer will look on, powerless to prevent.

"Before seeking more widely, the farmer should select old local varieties for his crops. These give sure results, but in small quantities. It is thus only human for the ill-informed cultivator to be attracted by the foreign riches which, brought nearer home, soon lose the wonderful reputation that only the land of their origin could preserve.

"Against such calamities, science often finds itself powerless. Its chemical remedies suffice not; possibly it will have to develop vegetable serums.

"But the universal panacea seems to be the change of varieties. This will be progress backward. We must resume the use of our old rustic races. They have often vanished and have been forgotten. We must seek in less civilized countries the cultivated types most nearly related to the wild ones.

"Already we feel the imperious necessity of going actively to work. Man must devote the greater part of his activity to these three essential factors of life—the soil, the plant, and the farmer.

"We must save the plant, not believing that it is an eternal gift of nature. Its disappearance will mean the wiping out by famine of the whole human race."

SEVEN-DAY WEATHER FORECASTS—Weather forecasts for a week in advance may soon be possible, we are told in Science Service's *Science News-Letter* (Washington). A new system of weather predicting that for two to seven days in the future was right more than seven times out of ten was announced recently by Charles L. Mitchell, Washington district forecaster of the U. S. Weather Bureau. We read:

"At present the new system is not used in the daily work of the Weather Bureau, but for nearly a year the improved forecasts have been made experimentally each week and checked in order to determine the value of the method. The storm centers of the whole Northern hemisphere for four successive days are charted on a map. Then from his knowledge of the habits of storms, Mr. Mitchell predicts where these storms will be each day for a week in advance. Giving due consideration to the probable severity and other characteristics of the storms, he is then able to issue forecasts for rain and temperature within the eastern half of the United States. For many years the Weather Bureau has issued each Saturday morning an outlook in which is given the probable weather and temperature changes for the coming week, but the forecasters have not been satisfied with the record of verifications made. The new method devised by Mr. Mitchell gives results nearly twice as reliable for some of the weather factors. The first storm to make a trip around the world, so far as weather records show, was also reported by Mr. Mitchell. It brewed in Montana on February 23, 1925, and after traveling 21,379 miles in encircling the globe, dissipated over the Gulf of St. Lawrence on March 23. A recent study of weather data revealed this world's record."

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COLOMBIA'S MUD-VOLCANOES

BY A "VOLCANO" ONE USUALLY understands a mountain bearing a crater that occasionally vomits red-hot ashes or molten rock. The "mud-volcanoes" of Turbaco in Colombia, however, are cones only a few feet in height, and the streams of mud that they throw out rarely rise more than a few inches. But they are not merely hot springs or geysers. There is no steam, and the ejected mud is cold, being thrown out by eruptions of gas from some stratum far down in the ground. These baby volcanoes are seldom seen by tourists. They were first described by Alexander von Humboldt. In November, 1926, they were visited by the Killip-Smith botanical expedition, a member of which, Albert C. Smith, contributes to *The Scientific Monthly* (Lancaster, Pa.) the description that we quote below:

"The vegetation of the region is made up of typical lowland thickets, overgrown with creepers and vines, often covered with brilliant morning glories. Occasionally huge trees rise out of the jungle, but these are exceptional.

"In the midst of this tropic vegetation is the level space which forms the volcano field. The plain is rectangular in shape, about two hundred by five hundred yards. The soil of this region is a dark brown clay, which varies in consistency from a soft mud to a hard, caked surface. The area is more or less divided into three sections, which are separated from one another by irregular clumps of sedges. The entire field is bordered by a growth of a species of Achris.

"It is possible that the number of craters varies from time to time, but at present there are between fifty and sixty active ones. Their dimensions as given by Humboldt are considerably exaggerated, due either to a change which has taken place in the last hundred years, or to the enthusistic imagination of the old traveler. At any rate, at present the cones are elevated no more than three or four feet above the surface of the field, and many of them are even less.

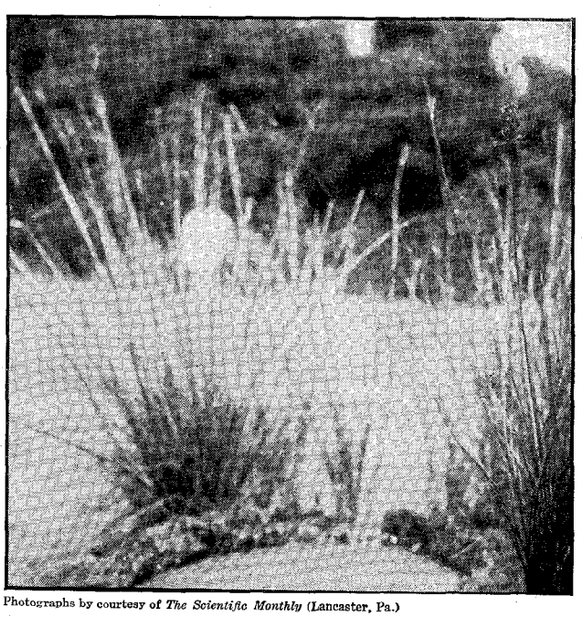
"In general there are two types of craters, the predominant type being characterized by gradually sloping sides and a wide mouth, which varies in diameter from one to five feet. The cold and creamy liquid which fills these craters is usually continuous in its bubbling; it sometimes overflows the rim of the fumarole and runs down the sides, to harden in the glaring sun. The remaining volcanoes generally have much steeper crowns of mud and smaller mouths, sometimes only two or three inches in diameter. This type is often inactive, but occasional forceful eruptions eject streams of mud several inches into the air. The only sound which accompanies this disengagement of gas is a faint bubbling, as that of boiling water. One's first thought on viewing the liquid in the craters is that it is boiling, but examination proves that it is cold, and that the commotion is caused by gas passing through it.

"Mud-volcanoes, or air-volcanoes, as they are often known, occur in several regions of the globe. There are two types: first where the movement is caused by gaseous discharges, and second, where the active agent is steam. Those of Turbaco are an illustration of the former type. The cones themselves are formed by an accumulation of fine saline mud which is given out, with various gases, from a crater in the center. Gradually these outpourings of mud harden until a perfect miniature volcano is formed.

"Thus it is seen that the origin of the gas is quite deep in the ground, and that by some chemical method it is freed from subterranean strata. Gases which are associated with mud-volcanoes are chiefly hydrocarbons, with more or less carbureted and sulfureted hydrogen and nitrogen. An analysis of the mud from the volcanoes of Turbaco shows little which is exceptional."

AN INTERMITTENT MUD-VOLCANO

This less usual type has steep sides and a small mouth, and erupts at irregular intervals.



Photographs by courtesy of *The Scientific Monthly* (Lancaster, Pa.)

SEDGE GROWING AROUND AN "ACTIVE" CRATER

Here the cold, creamy liquid mud is continually bubbling.

TEARS AS GERM-KILLERS—Tears are not merely a sign of sorrow in him who weeps, but a symbol of distress and death for any germs that chance to be lurking in the crying eye, says Dr. E. E. Free in his *Week's Science* (New York). He goes on:

"Of all germ-killing chemicals known to biologists it is probable that the most effective, and perhaps the one which will prove most useful practically, is that which nature manufactures for use in tears. At a recent meeting of the Section of Ophthalmology of the Royal Society of Medicine, in London, Mr. Frederick Ridley described experiments with this remarkable substance, named lysozyme by its discoverer, Dr. Alexander Fleming. One teaspoonful of pure substance, extracted from human tears, would be enough to impart antiseptic powers against certain eye bacteria to over one hundred gallons of salty water. This same antiseptic has been found, Mr. Ridley stated, in the bodies of the white corpuscles which circulate in human blood, and which destroy germs that invade the body. It has also been found in the secretion of the human nose and in other bodily secretions, in white of egg, in turnips and a few other plants, in certain kinds of fish and in the tears of animals. In many cases of infected eyes, Mr. Ridley reported, it has been found that the amount of this antiseptic in the tears is below normal, which suggests that eye infections may be allowed to start by some defect of the tear gland resulting in lessened manufacture of the protective antiseptic. According to Dr. Fleming, who was also present at the meeting, it may prove possible to extract lysozyme commercially from white of egg, so that physicians may use it as a general antiseptic."

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LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

ELLEN TERRY

GREAT AS WAS THE AFFECTION of the English people for Ellen Terry, it did not surpass that felt by her American audiences. In saying this the New York *Herald Tribune* is supported by the tributes paid by nearly every American journal to the great actress who finished the fulness of her life at the age of eighty, on July 21. "There was something magical," says the New York *World*, "in the sway she exercised over her friends and companions of the stage, and her audiences, which knew her only from a distance," for "her appeal was not alone to their eyes or their minds but to their hearts." And this "gentle tyranny" was her birthright; "it could not have been acquired by the studied arts of her calling." It is an intensely personal note that is sounded by our papers East, West, and South, for the woman as well as the actress became endeared to thousands who remember her starring tours with Henry Irving, from 1883 to 1900, and the few subsequent appearances in her own behalf as player or lecturer on the heroines of Shakespeare. Her retirement in the past fifteen years has deprived the younger generation of theater-goers of the magic spell she cast over their elders. But those who knew her will confirm *The Knickerbocker Press* (Albany) in saying:

"If you, who read of the death of Ellen Terry, are one who has sat under the spell of her incomparable art and personality, you can accept only the fact of her physical extinction. Even tho many years have passed over most of those who listened to her *Portia*, her *Nance Oldfield*, or her *Beatrice*; years that ordinarily dim an impression of so fugitive a thing as the acting art, the Ellen Terry who gaily, whimsically, and often majestically trod the boards is still alive. It is only with our death that she will die.

"For Ellen Terry was something more than an exceedingly competent actress. She was a glowing personality; some one who was at the same time queenly and most human. She was romance, grace, humor. She conjured a high mood of beauty in those who saw and heard her. She dominated an age that paid more attention to the classics and their beauty than does this, because that age had an Ellen Terry to illumine the classics.

"As years go, Ellen Terry was far matured when most of us saw her on her tours of the United States with Sir Henry Irving, but the inner glow, the divine fire of her personality and her poetic intuition, made her as young as the jaunty *Portia*, masquerading as *Signor Bellario* who prosecutes *Shylock*, or the blithe charmer that was *Nance Oldfield* of England's stage. She was, as was Sarah Bernhardt, ageless."

Photograph by White

AS AMERICA LAST KNEW HER

Ellen Terry, in 1910, as a lecturer on the "Heroines of Shakespeare."

This tribute and the following from cities that saw less of her than the great metropolitan centers show that what was lacking in frequency was compensated in depth of impression. Thus the Cincinnati *Times-Star* speaks:

"'Dear dead women, with such hair, too
—what's become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms?
I feel chilly and grown old.'

"In the mood of Browning when he wrote 'A Toccata of Galuppi's,' those of us who have seen Ellen Terry, let us say as *Portia*, read the news of her passing at her cottage in Kent. It was a good while ago when she played with Irving in America. Yet one remembers the beautiful and gracious bearing, the lovely, expressive face—like those which Rossetti gave his heroines—the voice with its golden quality, its haunting overtones, its distinction as of something loftier than our kind.

"Sister of the demigods, daughter of the stage was Dame Ellen Terry, a figure that kindles and ennobles recollection."

The limits of our space prevent us doing justice to the many fine tributes that our journals contain. One and all sound the note of personal devotion, together with some effort at estimating her place in the dramatic hierarchy. Hear the Milwaukee *Journal:*

"THE WORLD'S ELLEN TERRY

"More than a few great actors have ruled the English-speaking stage in our time, but when talk turned to actresses, all comparisons stopt at the name of Ellen Terry. Before most of us were born, she had come to the leadership of her art in England and America, and led it so far that there was no place for jealousy. Great men have interpreted *Hamlet*—Booth and Barrett, Irving and Forbes-Robertson. But Ellen Terry was *Portia*. Shakespeare could have asked no greater boon than that in her art his art should become alive again. And so she brought new gold to the work of every dramatist in whose plays she acted.

"History and reminiscence are full of the greatness of David Garrick and of Sarah Siddons. Even more imprest with the fame of Ellen Terry will our age be found by the coming generation. Only Sarah Bernhardt and Eleanora Duse were ever named with her. Only Bernhardt vied with her as ruler of a stage for far more than a generation. And the difference was the difference of race—the great Sarah more arresting, more poignant; Ellen Terry, building up her command of play and audience until the play on the stage became the only reality.

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"There had to be character before there could be such conquest. Even in our youth Ellen Terry was a regal person. Long ago she had passed the limits of the stage and art and become a heroine to the English-speaking world, a British institution. Not a leader of movements, tho appealed to for every cause that sought to reach the British public. When she spoke, she did not undertake to be master of great questions outside her knowledge. Her words were such as come from the heart of a woman who had moved among great events, had lived a long time and had thought of what living meant. She had the whole world at her feet, and because homage could not spoil her, she held her throne, in her own right its queen, the world's Ellen Terry."

The dispatches from Small Hythe, England, which tell of the last moments, present a picture that will be carried in memory by all those whose devotion may be separated from its idol by leagues of land and ocean. This is printed in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"SMALL HYTHE, England, July 21 (A.P.).—'No funeral gloom, my dears, when I am gone.'

"Ellen Terry, famous and beloved actress, has had her wish, for beauty and peace and tenderness surrounded her as she lay this evening in her final sleep within the quaint old Kent farmhouse which she had known so long as home.

"The noted actress received her last call this morning and died tranquilly, surrounded by her loved ones. With her were her daughter, Edith Craig, her son, Edward Gordon Craig, her brother, Charles Terry, and her favorite niece, Miss Olive Terry.

"Within a few moments the huge presses of England were telling that Ellen Terry had gone, and all Britain felt the heavy hand of sadness. But at 'the farm,' which nestles at the edge of this ancient hamlet, there was little to indicate that here had been a great change. There was an air of subdued activity, but no blinds were drawn, and no one in black appears. The reason for this was in a little white notice tacked upon the gate. It was the actress's last wish which she had penned on the fly-leaf of one of her favorite volumes, the 'Imitation of Christ,' by Thomas à Kempis. It read:

> No funeral gloom, my dears, when I am gone,
> Corpse-gazings, tears, black raiment, graveyard grimness,
> Think of me as withdrawn into the dimness,
> Yours still, you mine.
> Remember all the best of our past moments and forget the rest.
> And so to where I wait come gently on.

"Below was written: 'I should wish my children, relatives, and friends to observe this when I die.'

"To-day those to whom she addrest this wish were carrying out her desires."

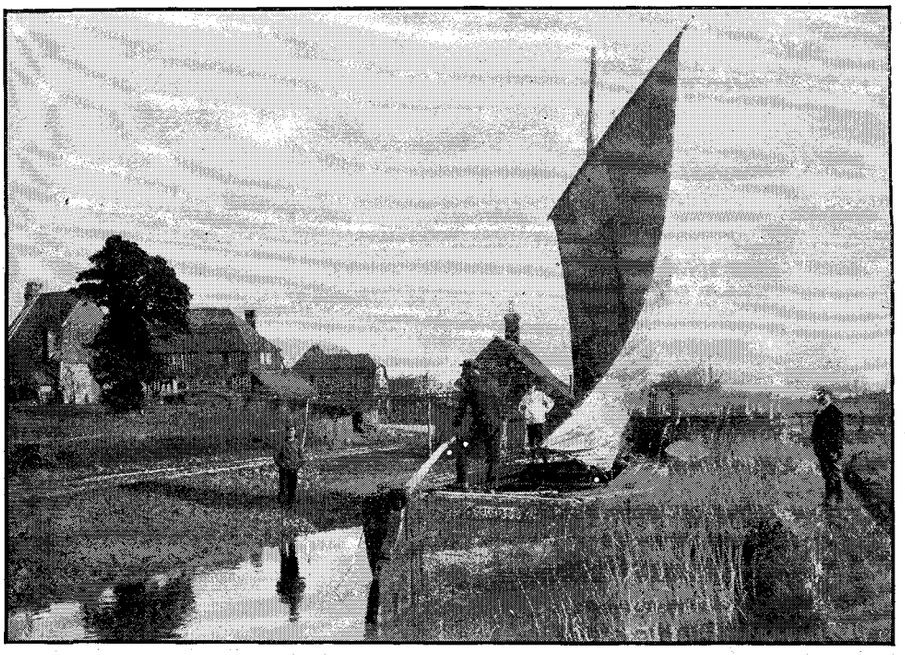
This other memory should be preserved of how her behest was observed. First we read of a sunlit procession that walked through the fields to the little church in Tenterden:

"Practically the whole village flocked to the chapel to pay its last tribute. Farm laborers left their work in the hayfields for a brief hour to attend the services, while at the church was a picturesque guard of honor in the form of a number of hay-workers in shirt-sleeves who lined up outside the door, and the coffin was carried in and out under an arch which they made of hay rakes, forks, and shepherd's crooks.

"The coffin was drawn at a slow pace through the town to Tenterden, from whose tower the muffled peal of a bell rang out, and thus on toward London."

Another dispatch from London:

"LONDON, July 24 (A.P.)—The ashes of the beloved British actress, Ellen Terry, rested to-night in a silver casket in the 'Church of the Actors,' St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, where so many distinguished thespians have been buried. Funeral services were held earlier in the day in the little Kentish village of Small Hythe, where she had lived in the declining years of her life, and where she died last Saturday.



"THE FARM," AT SMALL HYTHE, KENT

Where Dame Ellen Terry passed her later life. It is reported from London that the timbered farmhouse seen beyond the tree to the left, will be "dedicated as a national shrine of the drama."

"In deference to the great actress's last wish—'no funeral gloom, my dears, when I am gone'—the utmost simplicity marked the services at Small Hythe and at the chapel of the crematorium at Golders Green, London, where the body was cremated. At Small Hythe her friends and relatives wore no mourning, and brightly hued flowers from village gardens deprived the scene of any touch of somberness.

"The ceremony was a brief one, a short burial service and prayers, and then the Nunc Dimittis, the opening words of which, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation,' were so much in keeping with Dame Terry's wishes.

"Women wept during the short choral service conducted by the Rev. H. Kingsford, Director of the Catholic Play Society and the Church Players' Guild. As many of the public as could be accommodated were admitted to the chapel.

"Only members of the family and the most intimate friends witnessed the placing of the silver casket in the crypt of St. Paul's."

Many poetic tributes have been paid Miss Terry in her lifetime. The following by the daughter of the artist, Alma Tadema, was printed some years ago in *The Westminster Gazette* (London):

TO ELLEN TERRY

BY LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA

> Dear and beloved! What giving of dull gold,
> Or roll of praise, or chronicle of fame,
> Can pay the debt we owe? Thy radiant name
> Shines on our hearts: when thine and ours are cold,
> How shall the child who knew thee not be told
> Of Shakespeare's women, quickened in the flame
> Of their surpassing sweetness, that became
> New star-born visions, one yet manifold?
> Fact and desire, the day and the day's dreams
> Lie sundered; but they life-long glorious part
> It was to make things true, and that which seems
> Beshade what is. Thy gift was to the heart,
> Therefore the heart in richest gladness gives
> An unmatched love, that ripens and outlives.

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SUSPECTED FRENCH PICTURES

OWNERS, BOTH HERE AND IN EUROPE, of French pictures of the Impressionist and later schools will look with misgiving on some of their possessions until a controversy that is raging abroad is settled. This has to do with pictures that passed to their owners through the hands of the late Theodore Duret, the noted critic and dealer. An auction sale of his possessions was held in Paris on March 1, and even then skepticism was rife, says a writer in *Kunst und Kuenstler* (Berlin), "because many questionable pictures, connected with the name of Duret, had been brought on the market." There was confirmation of existing fears when "the names of Daumier, Delacroix, and Toulouse-Lautrec were represented, but frequently with the notation "school of" or "in the manner of." The prices brought, it is further stated, "gave evidence of the fact that there were but few important works sold." In a later issue of the same important art journal was published the following editorial:

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AS *MADAME SANS-GÊNE*

In which Ellen Terry appeared with Sir Henry Irving on their last American co-starring tour in 1900-01.

"For a long time, one had known in initiated circles, that a number of counterfeit paintings, attributed to French painters of the nineteenth century, had passed through the hands of Theodore Duret, and that they had been authenticated by him. It would appear that a band of forgers had deceived the old gentleman, whose sight had failed toward the end, and thereby brought their spurious products on the market. During the past years, Duret had bought and sold some of these forgeries, and the collection which he left also contained a great number of them. The experts, who arranged the auction after his death, carefully sifted the collection, and allowed but some sixty pictures to be placed on sale. In our April issue we reported on some of the prices. The whole affair has now been made the subject of litigation, for the heirs, among whom is the wife of the Communist Deputy, Marcel Cachin, have brought suit. If the case is brought into court, we may expect interesting revelations, and it is certain that a number of forged Daumiers and Van Goghs, purchased upon the advice of Duret, will disappear from various collections. It would prove very useful, if the experts would arrange for a public exhibition of those paintings which they decreed as false. This would open the eyes of many persons, and would aid in making difficult the future attempts of the counterfeiters in marketing their wares."

Another account of the situation of interest to picture-buyers in this country was printed in the Hamburger *Nachrichten* on May 3. We quote from the writer, Dr. Kurt Pfister:

"The Parisian public, as well as many interested art circles in Germany, have recently been alarmed by a sensational occurrence. The late collector and writer, Theodore Duret, had decreed in his will, that his collection of paintings were to be sold at public auction after his death. This collection, already famous before the war, was made up of the works of Poussin, Ingres, Delacroix, Courbet, Renoir, Manet, Pissaro, Sisley, Toulouse-Lautrec, Gauguin, Van Gogh, and Cezanne. The examination of the collection, made by the Parisian art dealers Bernehim-Jeune and Durand-Ruel, brought to light that approximately two-thirds of the 150 paintings were counterfeits. The experts refused to guarantee the remaining third of the collection. The result was that the hundred forgeries were not placed on exhibition, and the remaining fifty brought very low prices.

"It still remains to be seen what effect this will have on the international art market. It is a known fact that an unusually large number of paintings by French Impressionists, which had been authenticated by Duret, are in private collections in Germany and Europe as well as America. An investigation of the authentications made by Duret can no longer be avoided. Maurice Joyant, the best authority on Toulouse-Lautrec, claims that probably a large number of the paintings attributed to this master which were sold through Duret to Germany are forgeries.

"Aside from these actual facts already disclosed, there remains the psychological problem. Duret was known to be an exceptionally fine critic of French paintings, and his many friends are confident that he retained his sharp, critical sense to the very end. A proof of this would be his excellent monograph on Van Gogh which appeared as recently as 1924. He was friendly and closely connected with those painters whose works he collected. His book on the Impressionists ['Manet and the French Impressionists' published in America in 1910] is well known because of its wealth of knowledge and the pleasing style in which it is written. Two important sales of pictures taken from his collection, which were held while he was still alive, brought good prices and were never questioned. At any rate, we are confronted with the unpleasant dilemma that the collector, either wilfully bought forgeries, which would not be in accord with his reputation, and which would certainly not have led him to decree that his collection be sold at public auction, or, he was made the victim of clever rascals throughout the last decade of his life. It remains to be seen whether or not this mysterious, yet tragic, case, which is well worthy of the pen of Balzac, will ever be solved."

Gotthard Jedlicka, another critic, writes in the Frankfurter *Zeitung*, an attempt to call the hand of those in whom the reputation of the late dealer now rests:

"The French press devotes much space to the question as to what will happen with the hundred pictures held to be forgeries. This question is all the more important inasmuch as they are still in the hands of the experts, whose duty it is to sell them, and have not been destroyed. Which honest person would knowingly purchase forgeries? Until the pictures have been mutilated or destroyed, they will remain a menace to the art market. The problem is a curious one, and can only be solved by numerous conjectures. Were Duret's eyes clouded in his late years, or did he knowingly take up forgeries into his collection? Both of these theories are possible, and both have their adherents. Duret made provision for a public auction of his collection. This would presuppose a clear conscience, or it may have been due to his 'peculiar' opinion of the critical talents of his purchasers. It has been said that Duret's critical sense had weakened considerably for some time prior to his death. That is not quite true. I saw Duret a number of times before his death, and each time his conversation was fresh and intelligent."

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WHEN THE MASTERS "JAZZ"

JAZZ HAS BEEN with us so long now that it has become accepted and spoken of as music. But Sigmund Spaeth, in the August *Forum*, declares it is not a form of music, but a treatment applied to music. The jazz treatment, he says, is "a distortion of the conventional, a revolt against tradition, a deliberate twisting of established formulas." "Jazz" is a verb rather than a noun, and every rebel in art has "jazzed" the formulas of his predecessors. To find Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Wagner, Strauss, Debussy, and Stravinsky among the jazzers makes one open one's eyes; but "they all, in some degree, distorted what before them had been accepted as conventionally correct." Here are some illustrations:

"Beethoven definitely jazzes the great choral melody of his 'Ninth Symphony' when he breaks it up into a skipping rhythm and hands it over to a combination of trumpets, bassoons, triangle, and cymbals. In fact, the whole conception of that great last movement is jazzy in the extreme, with the kettledrums interrupting the repeated efforts of other instruments to start a satisfactory melody, and the final entrance of soloists and chorus to put a stop to the orchestral bickering. Schumann was fond of slow syncopation and cross rhythms, as was his disciple, Brahms. Chopin delighted to ornament his melodies with all kinds of frills, and the tunes themselves have proved a treasure to eclectic popular composers. Incidentally, he ends one of his Preludes with a distinct blue chord, unresolved. Debussy's whole-tone scale was a jazzing of the conventional progression, and the resultant harmonies (technically chords of the ninth) now figure prominently in our popular music, from 'Moonlight on the Ganges' to the 'Rhapsody in Blue.' The 'Golliwog's Cake Walk' is an honest attempt at jazzing melody and rhythm as well as harmony, apologetically included in a 'Childrens' Corner.' Richard Strauss cleverly makes use of the most outrageous distortions in order to emphasize, by contrast, his simple and often banal melodies. 'Til Eulenspiegel' is a classic of jazz treatment applied to one of the jazziest of characters in music.

"The jazz treatment, therefore, is by no means confined to the so-called jazz composers. Nor is it limited to the field of music. The impressionists, post-impressionists, pointillists, cubists, and futurists have all taken their fling at the conventional methods of painting. We have had strange, formless pieces of sculpture that jazzed every tradition of the human body. Architecture proudly displays its monstrosities, some utilitarian, some merely perverse. Gertrude Stein and the *vers librists* have their unorthodox way with the conventions of literature. Even nature has occasionally exprest herself in the jazz manner, particularly in the distortions of the western canyons of America."

Jazz, then, has never in itself been music, Mr. Spaeth continues, and perhaps never will be, but simply a method of treating the materials of music or any other art.

"The popular composers have only in a few cases invented their melodies, generally borrowing this essential foundation and then 'jazzing it up.' The real artists of jazz in the popular field have been the arrangers and masters of orchestration—men like Ferdie Grofé, Bodenwald Lampe, Domenico Savino, and Frank Black. The one great creative genius of jazz thus far is George Gershwin. His 'Rhapsody in Blue' was epoch-making, for it showed that the jazz treatment could be applied in other ways than for the mere complication of dance music. He used every type of musical distortion—rhythmic, melodic, and harmonic—and the unconventional tone colors were supplied by Grofé, who did the jazz orchestration. But the whole thing rested upon a foundation of honest invention and individual self-expression. The 'Rhapsody in Blue,' therefore, is music rather than jazz, and thus occupies a niche of its own in American tonal art.

"Gershwin's 'Concerto in F,' for piano and symphony orchestra, is even more significant. It is perhaps the best piece of absolute music yet composed by a native American. If it has a weakness, it is in the orchestration, which is Gershwin's own. In at least two places his climaxes fail to come off, simply because he is not sufficiently familiar with the resources of the symphony orchestra. The basic musical ideas, however, sparkle with individual genius, and the jazz treatment is always legitimate. One almost wishes that the composer had completely thrown off the burden of the Liszt tradition, particularly in the finale, which is not quite up to the first two movements.

"A mere jazz treatment of music already composed in some other form, such as is now common with every conceivable classic and near-classic, can not possibly create the feeling of permanence. Neither can the commonplace, banal melodies of the average popular composer, no matter how skilfully treated, make any more than a transient impression. Jazz remains a method of arranging (or disarranging) music, not a form of composition."

Will the jazz method of treating musical materials, it asked, be likely to have any permanent effect upon the art?

ELLEN TERRY IN 1875

When she appeared at the Princess Theater, London, as *Pauline* in a single performance of "The Lady of Lyons."

"The final answer to that question can be given only by posterity. The law of evolution has functioned consistently in music, and mankind has somehow grown accustomed to depending on the survival of the fittest. Thus far it has worked with surprizing fidelity, and the chances are that it will go right on working. This means that if the revolt of jazz is in any sense constructive, instead of merely destructive, it will leave its mark upon the music of the future. Beethoven's innovations became traditions because they were fundamentally sound. Wagner's revolutionary music drama triumphed overwhelmingly because it had qualities far in advance of the conventional 'grand opera.' Debussy has already become orthodox."

There is a final effort to set straight the various claims of those who to-day champion the innovations:

"Maurice Ravel, Stravinsky, and Koussewitzky, have gone on record as saying that the rhythmic patterns and instrumental colorings of American jazz constitute our most significant contributions to musical literature, and they are probably right, simply because America has contributed nothing else that was not purely imitative or completely commonplace.

"But even Messrs. Ravel, Stravinsky, and Koussewitzky would not go so far as to call jazz music. They recognize its effect upon the established formulas of the art, and they recognize also the characteristically American spirit of this treatment. But music is the organization of sound toward beauty, and thus far jazz has merely distorted the organizing factors of rhythm, melody, harmony, and tone color. Whether these distortions have produced, or will produce, something that adds to the permanent beauty of music, time alone can tell."

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RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE IN OUR "NON-CHRISTIAN" COUNTRY

"THIS IS NO LONGER A CHRISTIAN COUNTRY," asserts the rector of historic Trinity Church, Protestant Episcopal, facing Wall Street, New York City. Other well-known clergy agree, and even assert that the United States never was a Christian country, much preaching and many claims to the contrary notwithstanding, altho discussion reveals the opinion that our country may now be more nearly Christian than ever before. But when Trinity's rector, Dr. Caleb R. Stetson, makes his assertion the basis of recommending that Christian marriage should be reserved and performed for Christians only, and thus raises a church standard against current degradation of marriage, his dictum becomes a target for critics. Dr. Stetson's views got into the newspapers through his latest annual report for Trinity parish, in which he contends that "Church and State should be separated in this business of marriage." He cites an account of a so-called "partnership marriage" in a college town at which a minister officiated, a jazz band played a syncopated wedding march, boy friends in women's dresses acted as "bridesmaids," and for the words of the marriage service "until death do us part" were substituted "until love dies." He notes an increasing rate of divorces over marriages, and proceeds:

Underwood & Underwood photograph

RESERVES CHURCH MARRIAGE FOR CHRISTIANS

Rev. Dr. Caleb R. Stetson, rector of Trinity Church, New York, segregates Christian marriage as a standard for this "no longer Christian country."

"Now the Christian Church can not be held entirely responsible for this condition of things; nor can the Church be expected to enforce her standards on the people who make up this country's mixed population, only 40 per cent. of whom are even nominally attached to any religious body. This is no longer a Christian country, and we can not expect that Christian moral standards will be accepted or followed by the majority. It is not reasonable to expect persons who do not believe in the Christian religion, and who have never been instructed in Christian ethics, to live up to the very high standard of life which the Church sets before the Christian."

In Trinity parish the rector reports that persons seeking holy matrimony must sign a marriage blank under oath that they "have been baptized, have never been divorced, are of legal age, that there is no impediment or objection, and that they enter the marriage of their own free will without any outside influence or coercion whatsoever." The signatures of at least two witnesses who know the contracting parties are also required. Dr. Stetson, however, goes on to say, "we do a grave injustice to non-Christians if we ask them to take the vows of lifelong faithfulness required in the marriage service of our Church":

"We can not hold such people responsible for vows so ignorantly and lightly taken, and we have no right to condemn them when, acting according to their own standards of civic respectability, they seek freedom through divorce and remarriage as often as may be desired. The civil law permits this condition; those who know no higher law can not be condemned for what the State allows.

"We should urge non-Christians to be married by a civil officer, and we must assert the fact that Christian marriage is a sacrament in which Divine Grace is given. The Church must set herself free from this harmful association with indiscriminate marriage."

Dr. Stetson is probably more right than wrong, according to another Protestant Episcopal rector, the Rev. Welles Partridge, of St. Ann's Church, Boston, depending on what is meant by the word "Christian." In a series of interviews secured for the New York *World* by Flora Merrill, he says, touching first the question of whether this country is Christian or not:

"If we consider Christianity as a mere code and practise of morals or ethics, or merely another religion introduced to take its place among others in the world, why then I should say that Dr. Stetson was wrong. Our cities and towns teem with people who know so little about the real principles of Christianity that they actually believe that if a man lives a good life, according to his light, pays his bills, and is a good father or husband or son or brother and a kind neighbor, that he is 'a good Christian'; whereas he may be a good Jew, or a good Mohammedan, a good Buddhist, or a good atheist, for certainly Christianity has no monopoly of the above virtues.

"There are so many people in America to-day who fulfil the above conditions, that if these conditions constitute Christianity, I should say the country was largely 'Christian,' for one of the wonderful surprizes of life, as we get older, is the number of good people one meets everywhere.

"But, of course, the above is not Christianity. Christianity consists in the worship and adoration of a Personality, Jesus of Nazareth, Son of God and Son of the Virgin. It is not primarily the practise of a moral or ethical code, nor is it the following of some abstruse philosophy.

"Yes, I am afraid Dr. Stetson is right. According to the standards of Christ and His Church, this country is far from Christian. And what is more, if this great land of ours, which we believe God means to be a blessing to all the other nations of the earth, does not wash her soul clean and get back to the Christian standards of the founders, America has but started on the downward grade toward destruction."

The Boston rector thinks that Dr. Stetson is also right about the marriage question, adding, "but he ought to have gone further and included burials":

"Parsons who are not Masons or Knights of Columbus or Odd Fellows do not ask for official ministrations from these or similar societies unless they have membership in them. The

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Christian Church and her ministrations are strictly for Christians, i. e., baptized, penitent sinners. I can not see why it can be construed as an uncharitable act if the Church limits her sacraments and certain other functions to her own baptized children."

Rabbi Jonah B. Wise, of the Central Synagogue, New York, takes exception to Dr. Stetson's pronouncements, observing that they are based on assumptions of a sectarian "Christianity." To quote *The World's* interview:

"Dr. Stetson's statement that this is no longer a Christian country would lead one to believe that morals, marriage, and manners are of Christian origin. The fact is that American morals, the institution of marriage, and the general ethical maxims with which we train our minds are either pre-Christian or universal. If we are deserting the ideals of marriage and morals we are not in any sense making this country less Christian than it was.

"We Jews have always felt that to designate a people's morals by any specific sectarian name is unfair. We have protested with others that this is a country free from religious domination either in name or in fact. It is difficult to discuss a sectarian view-point when one has an attitude quite different. We may well challenge the rector's statement that the country is becoming less moral because it is becoming less sectarian. We believe that American ideals are capable of higher development and profound influence as a general ethical program.

"Marriage is in itself a sacrament, and the Church merely blesses it: it does not create it. The manner of marriage, whether it is accompanied by jazz orchestra or the wording of the marriage service, is of little importance in comparison with the fundamental reason for joining a man and woman for better or for worse. Just as marriage is a simple and natural social process, divorce, equally important, should be equally simple. There is no reason why divorced persons should not remarry, except theological ones, and they can only be important to those who are convinced of the validity of Church laws."

A Methodist Episcopal bishop, Francis J. McConnell, now resident in the New York area, thinks that "the United States is more Christian to-day than it has ever been," but he explains that this statement does not mean that it is fully Christian:

"The United States is Christian in the sense that there are millions of people, probably the majority of the citizens, who are professing Christians, but the nation is not Christian in the sense that Christian principles have been worked into the social institutions.

"The country was never wholly Christian. It is only recently that we have begun to preach what we call the social gospel, which means the application of the gospel to social conditions, such as industry, politics, and racial contacts. Nobody can claim that any of these social activities have yet been made Christian. In that sense of the word, we have a long way to go before the United States is Christian. However, I don't think that we are sliding back. We are more Christian as individuals than the Puritans were.

"Were I personally to speak of a Christian country, I would mean the institutions as well as the individuals of a land. You can't call a country Christian until its institutions are Christian. In that full sense of the word, there is no Christian country in the world."

To *The World's* symposium, the pastor of Union Methodist Church, in the center of the night-club and speak-easy area in New York, the Rev. C. Everett Wagner, agrees with Dr. Stetson in condemning undignified ceremonies, but would have the Church rather than civil authorities perform the marriage ceremony:

"As to whether marriage can be successful or not does not primarily depend upon whether it is performed as a sacrament in the Church, but upon the ideals and attitudes of the two individuals. Most couples at the altar are so scared and so anxious to have the ceremony over with that they would say most anything, and do not remember what they did say. Nevertheless, I would advocate more marriages performed by the Church and less by the civil officers, because there is a close relationship between a spirit of love and devotion and the religious emotions."

Whether or not Dr. Stetson has his statistics right, the Springfield *Republican* expresses the opinion that "there will be considerable interest in his view that marriage outside the Church is different from marriage within the Church." We read:

"His implication that 'lifelong faithfulness' is less to be expected among those who take no religious vows is likely to be challenged. But even more will there be questioning whether he should undertake to speak for the Christian Church as a whole or even for his own branch of it. Not only has the Methodist Church just modified the rule prohibiting its clergymen from marrying divorced persons, but there is an active demand within the Episcopal Church for a relaxation of the restrictions on the remarriage of persons who have been divorced. The coming general convention at Washington will have this question to deal with."

We are reminded by this paper that Dr. Stetson adopts the doctrine of the early New England Puritans, when he says that "Church and State should be separated in this business of marriage."

"Carried out logically, this doctrine would exclude clergymen from the privilege of performing legally binding marriage ceremonies, tho it would not, of course, deny them the right of solemnizing a subsequent religious marriage. This double marriage is the practise in various European countries. It is difficult to see wherein this system is an improvement over that of this country, whereby the contracting parties have the option of civil ceremony, or an ecclesiastical ceremony, which is equally valid. The Puritans went to the other extreme, denying that clergymen had scriptural authority to perform marriage services, and regarding marriage as an exclusively civil proceeding."

The *Republican* editor concludes that "individual churches have the right to prescribe any rules of conduct for their members that they desire to impose. But, in order that the church shall exert the widest influence in society, many believe that it is of doubtful wisdom to debar any persons who desire to avail themselves of its ministrations."

BRITISH COUNTRIES LEAD IN CHURCH UNION

IN UNITING DENOMINATIONS, countries under the British Government continue to take the most notable lead. Union of three branches of Methodists in Great Britain is the latest assured achievement, according to a cable to the New York *Times*, July 19. On that day the Wesleyan Methodist Conference accepted proposals for union already agreed to by the Primitive Methodists and the United Methodists. It is stated that negotiations for union have been going on for fifteen years, and that the passage of the necessary bill through Parliament, to be presented in 1932, will not meet with any serious opposition. According to *The Statesman's Year Book* the membership of these Methodist Churches in Great Britain (1926) numbers: Wesleyan 490,000, Primitive 217,000, United 154,000—a total of 861,000. "Many times these churches have voted on the proposal plans," notes the Nashville *Christian Advocate*, "gradually improving their understandings and attaining the larger constitutional majorities. Even with these majorities, out of consideration of the minorities, there was postponement of the union. In 1931 votes will be taken, probably the final balloting, and it is expected that the first Conference of the United Church will meet the next year, 1932."

That among the British countries Canada has gone the farthest of all, we are again reminded by *The Advocate*. There Methodist, Congregationalist, and the larger part of the Presbyterian denominations were merged more than three years ago. Attention is further called to the fact that in Scotland, Scotch Presbyterians have taken definite steps toward organic union. The evidence presented is taken from *The Methodist Recorder*, London, reporting action of May 25, as follows:

"Last Friday is a red-letter day in the annals of the Churches of Scotland and for the cause of Christian union throughout the

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world. On that day in a house of 700 representatives the Assembly of the Church of Scotland, with only one dissentient, adopted the report in favor of immediate union with the United Free Church. In an equally large house the Assembly of the United Free Church, after rejecting a negative amendment which mustered only fifty-three supporters, adopted a similar resolution. The main clause of the report thus approved states 'that matters have now been matured for an incorporating union between the churches, and that in the interests of the Church of Christ and the cause of religion in the land union on the lines proposed ought to be carried through without delay.' By mutual consent and to comply with certain legal requirements the basis and plan of union, which has already been generally accepted by the Presbyteries and Kirk Sessions, will once more be sent down to them for final approval. All going well—and there is no reason to doubt that it will—after twenty years of kindly, patient, and skilful negotiation the union of these two great Presbyterian Churches will be consummated in 1929. [Membership of the Church of Scotland is 760,000, of the United Free Church 536,380—*The Statesman's Year Book.*] We are confident that the benefits the report claims for union will actually accrue. Both in the removal of hindrances, the effecting of economies, and the quickening of fervor union is sure greatly to promote the interests of the churches and to help forward the cause of religion in the land."

MOSLEM RENASCENCE

TURKEY'S EXAMPLE IN ABOLISHING Mohammedanism as the State religion and in legally adopting Western customs and garb is not being followed by other Moslem countries, writes Dr. Hans Kohn in *Foreign Affairs* (London), but, nevertheless, he says, through contact with Western civilization Islam is undergoing a change and a Moslem renascence is under way. The Mohammedan world, writes Dr. Kohn, is much less of an entity than it was before the war. Pan-Islamism is no longer a reality. Other Islamic countries are too much taken up with their own troubles to concern themselves with what Turkey is doing. So, we read,

"Confronted with the necessity of transforming their social traditions to the needs of a new epoch, Moslem youth is dimly groping its way ahead. There is no question of following Turkey's example and of becoming radical reformers. Their attachment to the old traditions of their religion, which is responsible for the greatness and the glories of their race, and which still contains the seeds of a movement for their regeneration, does not allow them to turn into blind followers of the West and to push this assimilation to an extreme. The young Moslem intelligentsia in Egypt and in Syria, in Persia and in India, in Mesopotamia and in Java, is afraid of losing the social inheritance of their religion. But they are, on the other hand, also far from sharing the romantic abhorrence of the West as exprest by Gandhi in India. They recognize the need of transforming and adopting Islam to the needs of the present hour."

Islam, says Dr. Kohn, has always been a religion easily adaptable to changing conditions. Under Persian, Greek, and other influences, it has gone far since the days of Mohammed and his followers. Therefore, we read,

"It can certainly again be adapted to the philosophy and attitude of the new world with which it has come into contact and with which it seems to be its destiny to get into closer and closer touch. It will gain from the West new vigor, comparable to the vigor it has received from Hellenism and from Parsism. It will again become deeper and broader after the centuries which reduced it to rigid narrowness. The Moslem world does not want to throw Islam overboard, but it strives to create a new Islam, or rather a new phase in Islam's history. They fear to be drowned in the fathomless ocean of the Western world. They wish to remain rooted in their native soil. They wish to develop Islam, to raise it to a higher level, to educate the backward masses, to create a people marching united on the way to progress, but they refuse to banish their old God from their heart. This new attitude is manifested best in the protest raised throughout Palestine against the International Missionary Conference, which was in session in Jerusalem during the fortnight ending on Easter Sunday. But more important than this protest was a conference of young Moslems held at Jaffa in April, 1928, at which 120 delegates from all the towns and villages of Palestine met. The Conference decided to create a Young Men's Moslem Association similar to the Y. M. C. A., which has played so large a part in the Westernization of the East. Now the Young Moslem Association has come to take its place. They began their activities in Egypt, and they are spreading further and further afield. They want to cultivate their old national culture, to devote themselves to the uplifting of the masses, to the protection of the peasant and workers, to help to raise the social conditions of the poor classes in their countries, and to educate a new rising generation, which one day will show to Europe the new face of Islam. This Moslem renascence is in its first stage of development, it has great obstacles to surmount, there is still much inexperience among its leaders; but it has, nevertheless, to be watched closely by all who are really interested in the structural and psychological changes which Eastern society is undergoing to-day."

A FATHER'S PRAYER

By Mouzon W. Brabham

Father, to-day I bring to thee
  This boy of mine whom thou has made;
In everything he looks to me;
  In turn I look to thee for aid.

He knows not all that is before;
  He little dreams of hidden snares;
He holds my hand, and o'er and o'er
  I find myself beset with fears.

Father, as this boy looks up to me
  For guidance and my help implores,
I bring him now in prayer to thee;
  He trusts my strength and I trust yours.

Hold thou my hand as I hold his.
  And so guide me that I may guide;
Teach me, Lord, that I may teach,
  And keep me free from foolish pride.

Help me to help this boy of mine,
  To be to him a father true;
Hold me, Lord, for every thing,
  As fast I hold my boy for you.

—*Christian Advocate, Nashville.*

A WARNING TO FORTUNE SEEKERS

THE PATH TO FORTUNE does not start in New York for every seeker after fame and riches, and the Room Registries Section of the New York Welfare Committee issues a warning, which finds space in the press, that the metropolis is not a good place to be in "without a job, friends, relatives, or a bank account." A single person, states the warning, "can not live independently and decently in New York on less than $25 a week." It also emphasizes the fact that of the thousands who come to New York each year the majority "soon find themselves in an environment so depressing or demoralizing as to affect their lives or character permanently, and of those the world hears little."

It is, of course, an ancient belief and warning, points out the Washington *Post*. "New York for generations has had the problem of caring for those outlanders who failed to find a living, much less riches, within its gates. The problem has become more acute, however, in the opinion of the New York Welfare Council, with the increase of motion-pictures and the circulation of fiction dealing with opportunities in the big city." And, says *The Post*:

"A recent advertisement for the services of a boy brought 1,000 youngsters to the door of the employer. The plight of the middle-aged seeker after employment was emphasized all during the winter. The difficulty of approaching the desks of busy men is known to every applicant for work. The lure of the city will, however, continue. Once the urge has seized a victim, a cure is almost impossible, and the shining success of those who have gone and conquered will be remembered longer than any warning which may be broadcast."

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for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

Announcing the New UTILITY TRUCK

In this sensational new haulage unit, Chevrolet presents the world's lowest priced truck with four-speed transmission and four-wheel brakes. Not only does it incorporate all the basic features which have made Chevrolet the world's most popular truck, but it also embodies other important advancements in design which make it ideally adapted to the modern conditions of business transportation,—such as full ball bearing steering mechanism, front shock absorber semi-elliptic springs, air-bound seat cushions and heavy channel front bumper. Your Chevrolet dealer will gladly arrange a trial-load demonstration of this remarkable new truck which is available in body-types for every line of business. Communicate with him today.

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Division of General Motors Corporation

The New UTILITY TRUCK
$520
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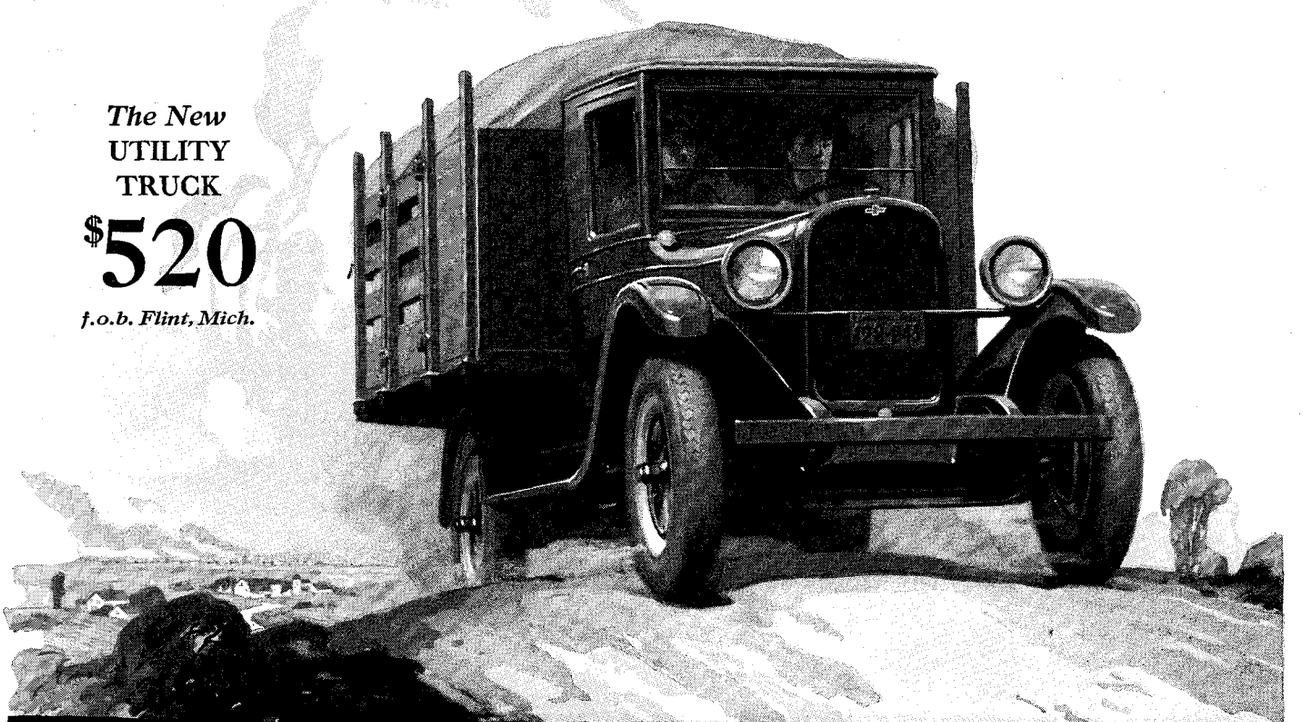

4 Speeds Forward 4 Wheel Brakes

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CURRENT · POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

MANY, perhaps, are holding in mind the phrase applied by Franklin D. Roosevelt to Governor Smith when he made the nomination speech at Houston. He called him "the Happy Warrior," and Mr. A. Stanley Copeland, in writing to the Boston *Transcript*, speaks of it as "the highest compliment ever paid to a living American." As this phrase may be heard again in the course of the campaign, readers who have forgotten their Wordsworth may be grateful for the following reminder. The entire poem of eighty-five lines was written in 1806, of which the following is a part:

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

By William Wordsworth

Who is the Happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous spirit, who when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his chief care;
Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire:
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, for honors, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for humankind,
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired,
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw.
. . . . . .
'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labors good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows.

LOS ANGELES suffers much for making itself the home of moviedom. But Mr. Bacon's comic despair may draw a smile even from herself. See his "Guinea-Fowl and Other Poultry" (Harper & Brothers).

SONNET

By Leonard Bacon

Six long hours in Los Angeles! O my God!
What have I done that this should come to me,
Or I to this? What black iniquity
Sits on my soul as heavy as a hod?
In depths of triple darkness have I trod,
But did not know abysms like this could be,
Horror on horror piled illimitably.
Thy glory is departed, Ichabod.

And what shall it avail me now, I pray,
That once I strove with beasts in Omaha,
Billings, Mobile, Detroit, etcetera?
All is around me confusion and a blur.
I hear thy liquid accents, Ioway,
And see such blondes as gentlemen prefer.

AUSTRALIA, in *The Herald* (Melbourne), adds to the important verse glorifying the exploits of the airmen:

VICTORY

By C. J. Dennis

Captain Kingsford Smith and his gallant companions, after pioneering the airways of the Pacific Ocean, landed in Melbourne to-day.

"Peace hath her victories" . . . Not where the reek
Of battle rises and, in blind, brute hate,
Men for the lives of men insanely seek:
Not here do nations earn an honored fate;
But where men, striving with a mightier foe,
Win on to nobler, mightier victories,
Blessing the nation that in peace may know
Such sons as these.

Peace hath her victories; yet knows defeat
When, fat with ease, and drugged by tranquil days,
Australia's sons stray upon errant feet,
Led by false prophets, into devious ways.
Then the heart sickens and the nation quails
To learn the measure of man's vanities;
Till hope again glows to the glorious tales
Of men like these.

Now come the conquerors! Not in the guise
Of slayers, but life-givers to the earth;
For in their valiant battle with the skies
Has man's ambition come to newer birth,
To wider vision, till he understands—
Forgetting petty spites and jealousies—
Australia's greatness lies there, in the hands
Of men like these.

They come in triumph, wheeling from on high,
Kings of the air and conquerors of space
Who found, 'twixt angry sea and angrier sky,
A vision and an ideal for their race;
Until, inspired, a wakened nation feels
New vigor; and a contrite nation sees
Folly and Sloth bound to the chariot wheels
Of men like these.

Peace may not last: clear skies may yet grow gray.
Anzacs and seed of Anzacs! Carry on!
Who be there else to guard against the day
We, or our children, yet may look upon—
That fateful day when, stricken to the sod,
Yet rising, still unconquered, to her knees,
Australia shall know cause to thank her God
For men like these.

ONE would call this a cry of the bemused male, tho a woman wrote it, perhaps in revenge against her wayward sisters. Find it in the August *Poetry* (Chicago):

GARÇONNE

By Jessie Storrs Butler

The clippers smoothed your white and columnar nape-line
But an hour ago.
Your boy-lean waist, tempting the factful tape-line,
Is pliant as a bow.
Your limbs—all four—so lissome and so visible,
Too candid seem;
To me they're negligible and risible,
Devoid of dream.
In this hermaphroditic fashion
You rouse a cold and curious passion.
Is it that you desire
Your partner in a possible fire
To imitatively assume
A semblance feministic,
To clothe his virile thews cubistic
In flowing panoply of lace and plume,
To be your proper complement? . . .
Is that the signal you have sent?

MODERN clothes could hardly have a finer tribute paid to them than in this from *The Saturday Review* (London):

YOUR DRESS

By H. J. Massingham

You have a dress that's printed with the Spring
And clothes your dryad form in new-born leaves:
My heart cried out in looking on you—"Sing
Warblers, leap lambs, hop frogs, gleam stars among
The woolly flocks of heaven! From her tree
Is come your Flora, your Persephone,
And my divinity!"

Dear, I am shaken in looking on you,
Swung out of time into that older world
Where in her green gown Ariadne drew
Buds from bark, smiles from gods, tears from all men
Because of her immortal loveliness.
I too, with no less high a fervour, bless
You in your leafy dress.

You smile at me whose you-enchanted eyes
Have set your beauty in this antique ring
And dressed you in far Springs of Paradise.
"O fond," you say, "your loving makes me fair,
My loving fairer, your long loyalty
Enskies me fairest; and for this you praise me
In my new greenery."

Sweet, you say true but not the sum of truth:
Though your love clothes you in undying Spring,
And mine from age ramparts your darling youth;
Tho years have sped us twain through adverse seas
Nearer creation's full, nearer the prime
Where the musical beams of the dayspring climb
And there is an end of time;

Yet when I see you in your flow'ring dress,
—Spring and its wakened urge enshrined in you—
Your loveliness I know your own no less
Than mine. For as this symbol-robe of green
Hymns your sweet body, characters your grace,
So has your soul informed its dwelling-place
And glows within your face.

'Tis not love only makes you beautiful,
Your inward beauty burgeons into love;
The springs of life make Spring thus bountiful
And Spring bears life anew. You in your dress
Bestrew my little world in green; your fires
Kindle my own to heavenward desires;
My soul in yours transpires.

THE compromise made here is more of the head than the heart, but useful perhaps against disillusion. In *The New Republic* (New York):

BOUND

By Lizette Woodworth Reese

Could I shake you out of my heart,
As water out of a cup,
A little silver on the grass
The sun would soon dry up—

Would I be poorer for this thing,
Tho wiser, too? I know,
By all our days of ill or good
I dare not let you go.

You are to me, I am to you
Common, and found, and plain,
As is a window to a house,
As yarrow to a lane.

Too close to see each other else
Than earth-thick to the core;
So near there is nought left to us
But to love and love the more.

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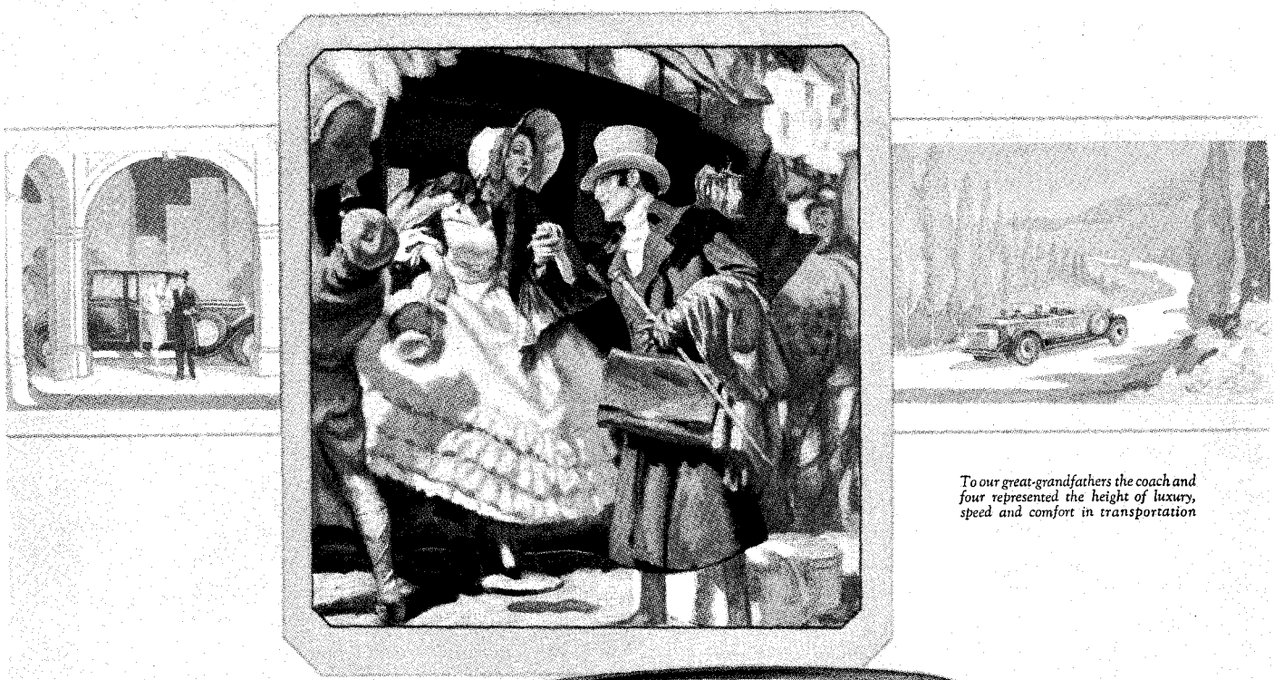
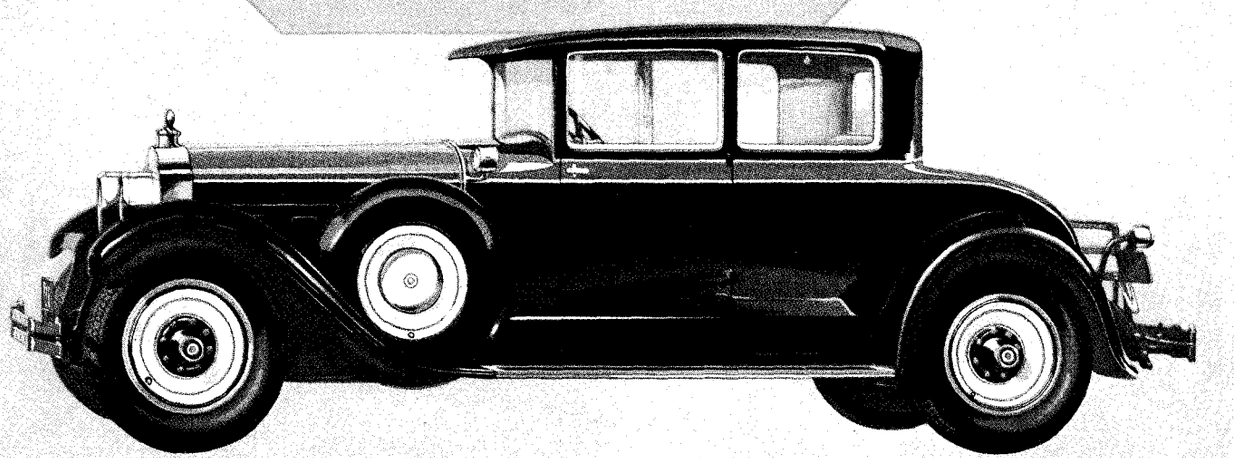


To our great-grandfathers the coach and four represented the height of luxury, speed and comfort in transportation



THE slender, graceful proportions of Packard bodies are not secured at any sacrifice of comfort to driver or passengers—exterior beauty is combined with interior roominess.

But the restful ease of Packard transportation is not the result of ample room and deep upholstery alone. Chassis design plays an important part in providing the degree of travel luxury which Packard owners know.

All that men have learned about spring design and body suspension in 200 years since the first crude steel springs supplanted leather straps on private coaches is summed up in Packard riding comfort today.

Packard engineers have contributed scores of hidden aids to the most luxurious personal transportation man has ever known. And not the least of these contributing causes of owner comfort and satisfaction is the peace of mind which comes with ease of control, silence, smooth riding, sure safety—and the gratifying knowledge of universal approval.

Packard cars are priced from $2275 to $4550. Individual custom models from $3875 to $8725, at Detroit

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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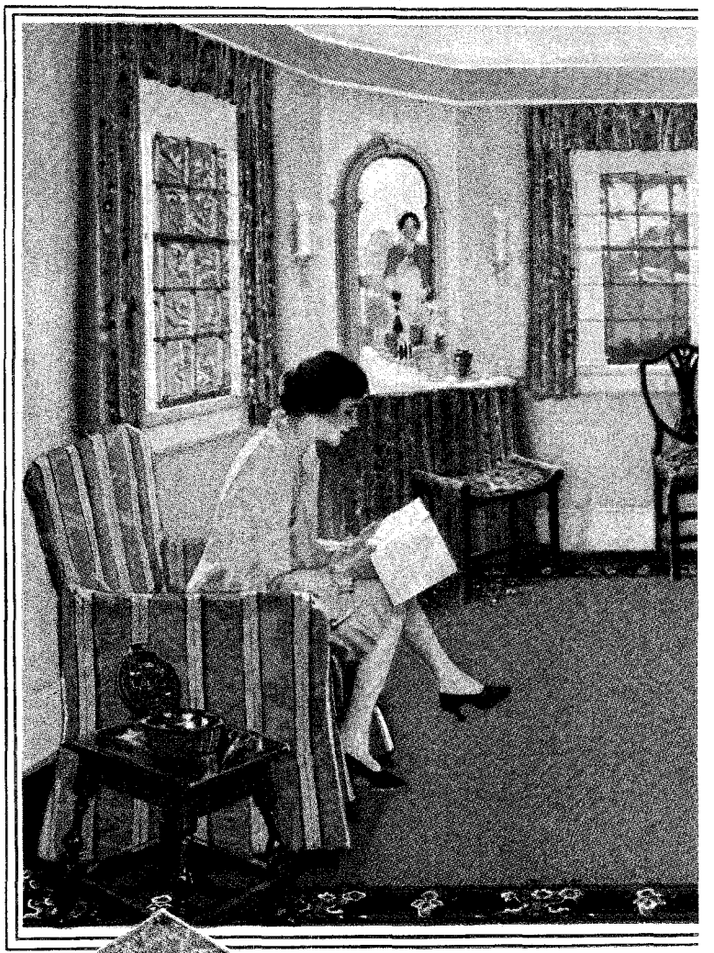
Even a modest room can — if the rug is gay

CLEVER women today contrive gay, brightly-modern rooms at trifling expense. For happy patterned cretonnes are not costly and a Congoleum Rug, which matches their sprightly gaiety, may be purchased for a few dollars.

Of course you can give a room that inviting appearance of warmth and color that today's decorative mode approves—in other ways. But it is so much simpler and less expensive to get your effects with a sizable color-surface like the rug—and more permanent, too, for Congoleum Rug colors never fade, soil, or change.

* * * *

At the right you see a good example of how a room can be "awakened" with color. What was before an uninviting bedroom has been made as cheerful as a canary singing in the sunshine. This Congoleum Rug—*Bagdad* design—makes a floor-decoration of such refreshing beauty that it calls to mind Spring's first show of greenery. A striking jade green background in a two-toned effect—graceful little rose bouquets which stand out on a velvety black border . . . and in each corner a gay flower-cluster in shades of brown, red and green.



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"GENTIAN"
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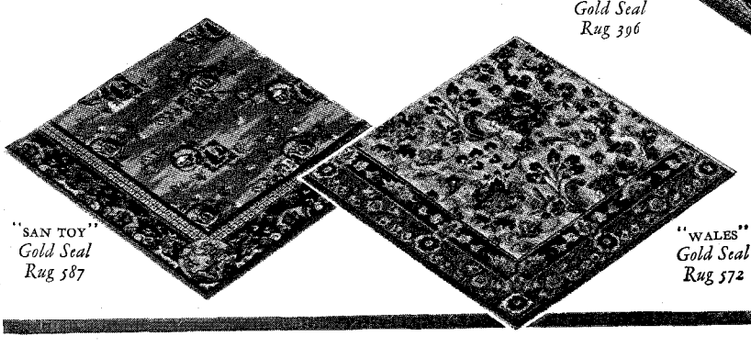

"SAN TOY"
Gold Seal
Rug 587

"WALES"
Gold Seal
Rug 572

"CHRYSANTHEMUM"
Gold Seal
Rug 322

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL A

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? made ever so charming

right and cheerful

"BAGDAD" is but one of many lovely new designs to be had *only* in genuine Congoleum Rugs. You can always find an appropriate pattern which will go well with your color scheme and draperies.

Save Hours of Housework

But the modern housewife demands more than mere beauty in her floor-coverings—they must be easy to care for, too! Hours of precious time must not be wasted in tiresome sweeping and beating.

With easily cleaned Congoleum Rugs on the floor she has time to devote to the children—leisure hours for recreation. For a damp mop cleans the smooth, waterproof surface of these rugs in a twinkling. Flat-lying, too—no curled up edges.

Years of satisfactory service are assured by the *Multicote* process, used only in genuine Congoleum Rugs. More than a mere surfacing, it builds sturdiness right through the entire rug. Sizes range from small, handy mats up to 9 x 15 foot room-size rugs. Prices are surprisingly low.

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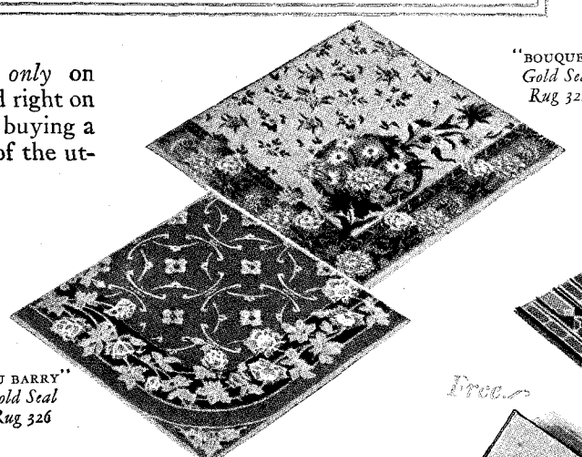
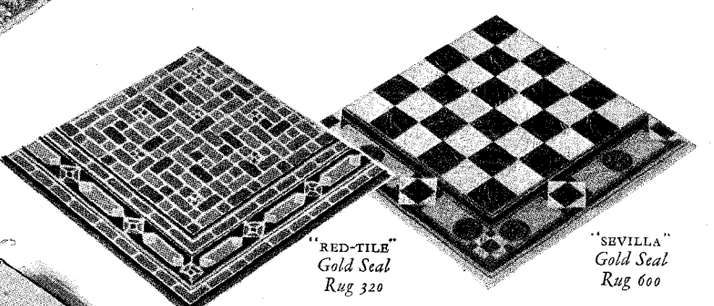


"BOUQUET"
Gold Seal
Rug 324

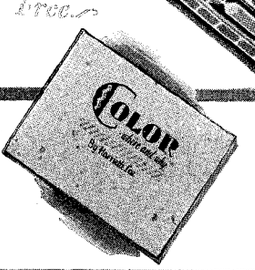
"DU BARRY"
Gold Seal
Rug 326



"RED-TILE"
Gold Seal
Rug 320

"SEVILLA"
Gold Seal
Rug 600

Free—



T-RUGS

"COLOR WHERE AND WHY" a new home-decoration handbook by Harriette Lea contains a wealth of information and delightful suggestions, as well as a helpful Color Scheme Selector. Write us or mail the coupon to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J.

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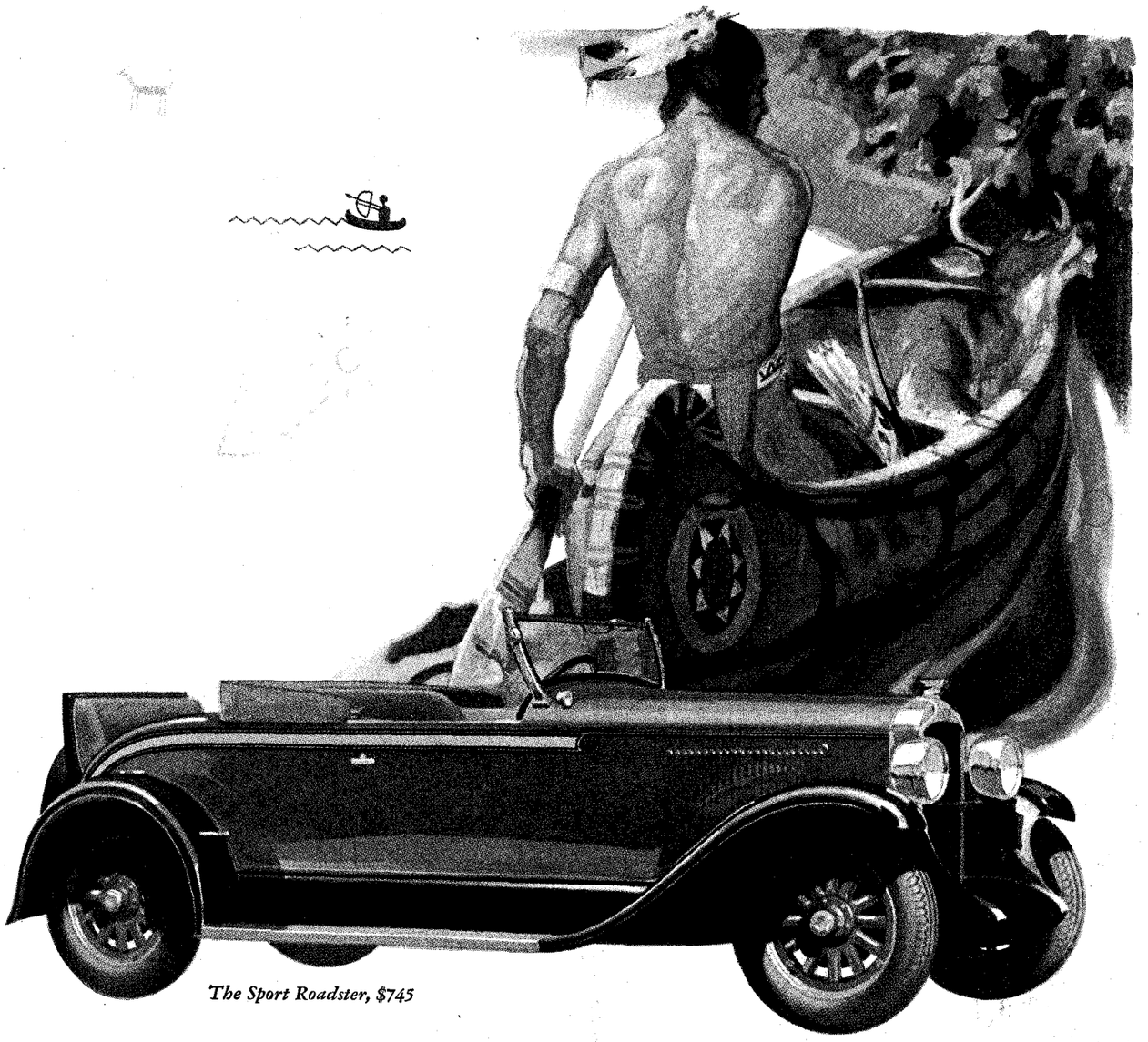

The Sport Roadster, $745

Greater Smoothness and Stamina *in General Motors' lowest priced Six*

-a Successful Six now winning Even Greater Success

Surpassing the smoothness of its famous predecessors and revealing greater stamina than ever before, today's Pontiac Six provides a type of performance literally unmatched at $745.

Its greater smoothness results from numerous engineering features unexpected in a car of such low price—the G-M-R cylinder head, 46-lb. crankshaft, interchangeable bronze-backed bearings, pistons and rod assemblies balanced to precision limits and many others of equal importance.

Its greater stamina results from those principles of rugged construction which the original Pontiac Six introduced and which have been augmented by such advancements as crankcase ventilation, air cleaner and fuel filter.

Combining greater smoothness and stamina, with notable beauty and style, today's Pontiac Six is winning thousands of new buyers every week . . . is adding to the public acceptance which has made General Motors' lowest priced six the most popular car of its type ever introduced.

Pontiac Six, $745 to $875. All prices at factory

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PONTIAC SIX

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PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

GOOD-BY TO THE SKY-RAKING WINDJAMMER

TWO BIG WINDJAMMERS, right, tight, and shipshape, poked their clean-cut bows through the Golden Gate one April morning, bound for the shores of Bristol Bay, which lies just to the north of the Aleutian Archipelago. When well clear of The Heads, towlines were let go as the big ships broke out their gleaming white tops'ls, to'gallants'ls and fore-and-afters. Their high-flung canvas, Tom White tells us in a copyrighted article in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, caught a rollicking breeze out of the southwest, sending them scuttling away into the North, the spume hissing and roaring under each sharp prow. The race was on!

The contenders, we learn further, were bitter rivals for speed honors, and to the winner would go the title of the fastest ship in the fleet of the Alaska Packers' Association. This fleet of winged freighters, we read on, is known the seven seas over as the largest body of sailing ships in the world now in active service. In fact, they come close to being the very last of the windjammers still in commission, for, Mr. White continues, the monkey-wrench of the steamship has all but vanquished the marlinspike of the sailing-vessel. West-coast sailors call them the Star Fleet, and of them we read further:

The proud contenders in the San Francisco-to-Alaska race were the bark *Star of England* and the ship *Star of Alaska*, both Yankee windjammers. This blue-water classic, probably the last the world will ever see, was in every respect reminiscent of the sea-clipper days when hard-sailing, hard-fisted skippers "cracked on" every drag they could find in the sail-locker so as to be first home with their fragrant cargoes from the Far East. Those were the days when lusty-lunged chanteymen sang:

"Oh, a Yankee ship came down the river;
Blow, bullies, blow.
A Yankee ship with a Yankee skipper;
Blow, boys, bully boys, blow."

A chanteyman is hard to find nowadays, but the old waterfronter sang to glories of the Star Fleet in these words:

"The Packers' ships are headin' North;
There's one that sails to-day.
Her skipper has his orders
To proceed to Bristol Bay.

"Her anchor's up; her tops'ls set,
The sky looks kind o' murky;
But fair or foul, she's comin' back
With choice Alaska turkey."

Photographs by courtesy of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*

A QUEEN ABOUT TO FALL

The *Star of Peru*, which we see under full sail, heading out from the Golden Gate for the open sea, is doomed to be rechristened *Bougainville*, and to end her days as a coal barge in the harbor of Noumea, New Zealand.

As late as 1922 the Star Fleet left San Francisco for the North, twenty and twenty-five strong; but this number has been gradually cut down each year, until this spring there were fewer than a dozen of the famous old fleet clearing for Alaskan waters, leaving five or six of their sisters behind—"laid up indefinitely." Steam is making serious inroads, even among the fleet itself. It's a battle to the death between the steamship and the windjammer.

Following the departure of the first two vessels the balance of the active fleet cleared for the North at the rate of one or two a week. Old-time sailing masters and shipping men of San Francisco take the cable-cars to the top of Telegraph Hill or journey out to the Cliff House regularly each year, as they did this spring, to watch the old windjammers pass out through The Heads and dip into the long swell of the sparkling blue Pacific, their towering canvas filling before it is fairly set.

Braced "sharp up" with the wind well abeam, or "running free" with wide-flung yards squared to the breeze, these old-time sailing-ships romp up and down the West coast, out in the spring and back in the fall, as bravely as they raced across the seven seas, some of them, fifty and sixty years ago.

As outward-bounders, their holds are filled with tin-plate, box-shooks, cannery supplies, and other stores and materials for putting up the salmon-pack. In addition to all this, a large part of the available space is taken up with quarters for 150 or 200 men, depending on the size of the ship. The old-time sailor would gasp at any such complement, but this does not actually represent the ship's company. Many are cannery hands, the balance fishermen. In fact, those who man the sheets and tacks, buntlines and clew-lines, are fishermen, too. Signed on as seamen-fishermen, they man the ship on its run of thirty or forty days into the North, carrying on many of the old traditions of their kind. "But it's gettin' harder and harder to find men who know what to do when they get aloft—if you can get 'em aloft," said one A. P. skipper, grown gray in the service.

The well-being of the man "before the mast" is pretty well assured, with large, clean, airy fo'c'stles, which contrast sharply with the dingy "cockroach heavens" of other days. Instead of a beggarly half-gallon daily ration of fresh water as doled out by the cook aboard the old-time windjammers, extra large tanks are provided on each ship of the Star Fleet, allowing every man an ample supply for all his needs. Realizing that the sailor is, and always has been—with more or less justification—a chronic kicker in all matters pertaining to grub, the owners see to it that the food is vastly better than that set before the foremast hands in the days of hard-case skippers and bully-ragging mates.

The commanders of the Star Fleet—men of the old school, who have sailed every ocean and squinted through their sextants from the poop-deck of many an old windjammer—look upon

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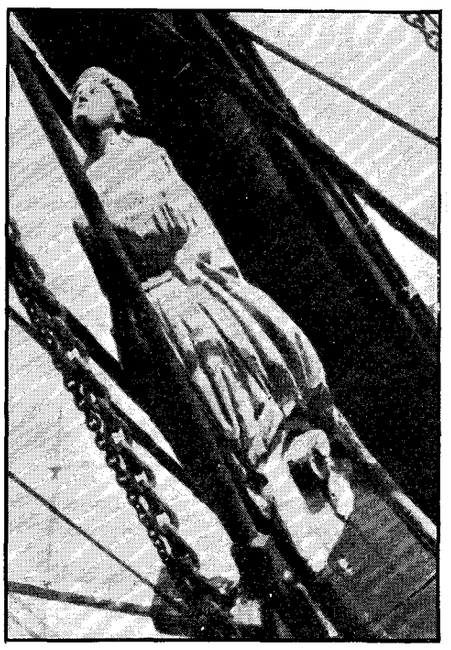
their charges with a feeling akin to paternal pride, says Mr. White. And well they may, he adds, continuing:

The sky-raking ships of the Star Fleet are all comely daughters of the deep. Whether at sea with everything set and pounding a foamy wake through the broad Pacific, or tied up and resting quietly at their berths in winter quarters, they are always good to look upon.

Take the *Star of Lapland*, for example. She is considered the smartest ship of the fleet and the largest sailing-vessel under the American flag. This big four-masted bark is a thing of rare beauty, with her four tall sticks reaching heavenward for 200 feet; her slim, tapering yards carefully trimmed, and the fine-spun tracery of backstays, shrouds, braces, lifts, halyards, and clewlines snug and taut overhead. Registered at 3,381 tons, the *Lapland* is double-to'gallant and royal rigged, and like so many of her noble forerunners, she was built at Bath, Maine. First christened the *Atlas*, she slid down the ways at Sewell's yards, in 1902.

Regarding her from "dead-on," one is imprest with the delicately molded overhang and high-reaching flare. From abeam, her perfectly balanced proportions are most strikingly apparent in the saucy rake of her masts and the slightly sheered hull. From "right aft" she is fully as good to look upon, there being the same delicate grace in the yachtlike counter as there is in the finely chiseled bows. In short, the *Star of Lapland* is a smart ship.

During the last few months the oldest of these thoroughbred daughters of Neptune have been released for other service, mostly of a humble character. The *Star of India*—an iron ship—built at Ramsey, Scotland, in 1863, is to be turned into a museum ship at San Diego. The *Star of Peru*, laid down in Sunderland, England, the same year, is to suffer the disgrace of ending her days as a grimy coal barge in the harbor of Noumea, New Zealand, after first being rechristened *Bougainville*. The *Star of Chile*, built at Dundee, Scotland, in 1868, is even now suffering a similar fate in San Francisco Harbor. The *Santa Clara*, a wooden ship and one of the smartest that ever flew the house-flag of the Alaska Packers, which was built at Bath, Maine, in 1870, is doing duty as a fishing hulk off the Southern California coast.



THE VANISHING FIGUREHEAD

These picturesque ornaments of old-time sailing vessels are seldom seen to-day, and because of that those on the ships of the Star Fleet arouse interest. Above we see the figurehead of the *Star of India*, which will become a museum ship at San Diego.

In spite of their age, these vessels, as well as others almost as old, and still in service, are sound and tight in every oaken plank or iron plate. They stand ready, if necessary, to equal again their splendid records for crack passages and grim battles with tropical hurricanes and China Sea typhoons—exploits of the days before they joined the ranks of the Star Fleet. They've had many close calls.

Sometimes they came through unscathed, but more often their hoary heads have emerged in a maze of tangled rigging and splintered spars as they limped into the nearest port under "jury rig." But they always carried on. They saw the voyage through, except when the odds were hopelessly against them.

Perhaps the most picturesque of the careers of these old square-riggers is that of the *Star of India*, we learn further from the narrative, which says:

When launched sixty-five years ago as the *Euterpe*, there were yards on all three masts, but she was later rerigged as a bark. Built to carry passengers from England to Australia, her entire 'tween-deck space was given over to staterooms and mess-rooms for the emigrants. A row of portholes extended along each of her sturdy iron sides, through which the early settlers of the Antipodes watched the shore-line of their beloved Britain fade below the horizon, and caught their first glimpse of Australian hills, ninety to a hundred and twenty days later. But the portholes have long been darkened, covered with iron disks securely bolted down; the crude staterooms were torn out fifty years ago to make room for wool, lumber, and general cargo, and, of late years, canned salmon.

After a long and faithful career in various trades, the *Euterpe* calling at every world port of any consequence, she was taken over by the Alaska Packers in 1908, her rig was changed to that of a bark, and over her old name were painted the words *Star of India*. Befitting her age and dignity, "the grand old lady of the fleet" leaves her sisters to spend her last days as a museum piece, to surge quietly at her mooring lines with the rise and fall of the tide.

This ship, like the *Star of Chile*, *Star of Peru*, and others sold off during the last few years, is not large enough. Their holds can not accommodate enough cargo to justify their operation. It's the cargo-carrying capacity of the *Stars of Lapland*, *Shetland*, *Zealand*, *Scotland*, and other newer and larger vessels that can handle and move the bulky freight more cheaply. The roomy holds of these modern winged freighters can take care of twice the tonnage with relatively the same number of men.

This year, then, it will be the largest windjammers remaining in active service under the American flag that will clear from the cannery stations along the shores of Alaska and go scuttling away into the south with the season's pack stowed in their deep holds.

As fast as they are loaded and hatches battened down, the big windjammers break out tops'ls, fore-and-afters, to'gallants'ls, royals, and courses; once again they heel gently to the breeze, come up into the wind just enough to lift their weather clews, and they're off and gone!

The merry tinkle of the ship's bell telling off the half-hours, the hiss of crisp, white foam slipping by to leeward, the tang of salt in the spume-shot air, the hurrying clouds overhead and the easy roll of the restless deck under foot—all contribute their joyous bit of inspiration toward the rollicking song of "the homeward-bounder in tail." This song is just as surely in the hearts of these men to-day as it was on the lips of the chanteymen of old as they broke into the rousing tune of "We're Homeward Bound; Good-by, Fare Ye Well."

Having once cleared the Alaskan coast, and with the jagged shores bordering Unimak Pass well astern, the big square-riggers are strung out over the rolling waters, headed for the Golden Gate and home. To the lover of ships—real ships—th. Star Fleet bowling down the blue Pacific is a sight never to be forgotten.

Well in the forefront is the *Star of Alaska*. Her high-riding bows cushioned on a pillow of roaring, tumbling foam, her number in International Code whipping straight out in the chill evening breeze, her towering masses of piled-up canvas catching the last scarlet rays from the setting sun, she sweeps majestically to leeward and on into the lowering night. With the last glow of twilight she is hull-down on the dim horizon.

On a crisp morning, early in October, a Red Stacker will pick her up outside The Heads, tow her into San Francisco Bay and alongside the unloading dock. Her cargo discharged, she is again picked up, eased into the basin with her sister ships, warped into place and tied up for another winter, we read:

Lying moored to the narrow quays, their long, slender bowsprits poked well over the poop-deck of the one just ahead, the lofty sisters of the Star Fleet croon softly to each other in the language of ships, recounting weird tales of adventure in the Bay of Bengal, smart homeward-bound passages around Good Hope, the terrors of Hatteras hurricanes and Biscay gales, and the exotic fragrance of offshore winds in lazy South Sea latitudes.

But this fall, when the prim old ladies of the deep remove their quaint, white hats and shawls and foregather for another winter, their tales will be tempered with a note of sadness at the loss of one of their sisters, the *Star of Falkland*, whose battered hulk with tangled rigging lies on the rocks off Unimak Pass. "Better at that," they agree bitterly, "than to end her days as a coal barge."

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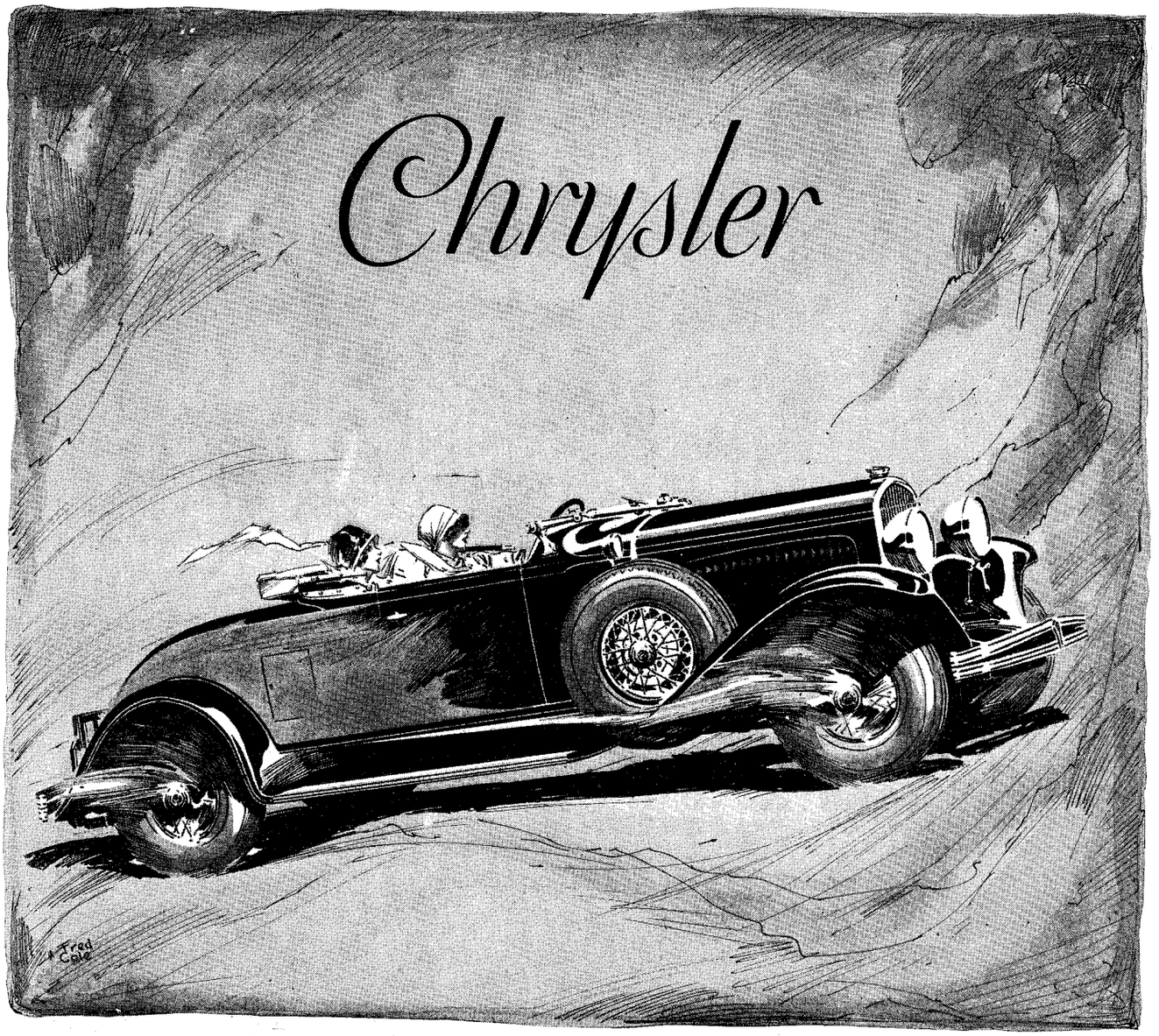

New Chrysler "75" Roadster (with rumble seat), $1555 (wire wheels extra)

STYLE—Paris for Clothes; Chrysler for Cars

IT IS not too much to say that even Chrysler has never found a parallel to the admiration and enthusiasm which has greeted the new Chryslers—"75" and "65."

The public, ever eager to reward originality and merit, has welcomed them wholeheartedly as the forerunners of an entirely new and vastly superior motor car style, just as it welcomes most enthusiastically the dictum of Paris in matters of clothes.

Everywhere, it applauds Chrysler's striking new style. It acclaims Chrysler's splendid new vitality of performance. It commends each and every one of the countless betterments of Chrysler's artistic and mechanistic design.

You should see this epochal development. You should ride in and drive the new Chrysler—whether "75" or "65"—to appreciate just how emphatically Chrysler again has jolted outworn traditions in appearance, performance and value.

* * *

New Chrysler "75" Prices—*Royal Sedan, $1535; 2-Passenger Coupe (with rumble seat), $1535; Roadster (with rumble seat, illustrated), $1555; Town Sedan, $1655.* * * ***New Chrysler "65" Prices***—*Business Coupe, $1040; Roadster (with rumble seat), $1065; 2-Door Sedan, $1065; Touring Car, $1075; 4-Door Sedan, $1145; Coupe (with rumble seat), $1145. All prices f. o. b. Detroit. (Wire wheels extra).*

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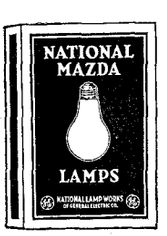
NATIONAL

MAZDA

LAMPS

NIGHT'S gloom flees far from radiant MAZDA lamps. Light and color preside over midsummer revelry. Light guides the coming guests—light from their cars' bright MAZDA lamps. Light from MAZDA lamps attends them on the road—National MAZDA lamps in street lights, stores, theatres and homes. Light greets the arriving guests. Hospitable light from MAZDA lamps glowing through door and windows. Merry light from MAZDA lamps colorful among the trees. For every lighting purpose MAZDA lamps are the logical choice for efficiency, ruggedness, economy, beauty and value. They are easily identified by the MAZDA mark and by their familiar blue carton. Be sure to ask for them whenever you buy lamps.



NATIONAL LAMP WORKS
of General Electric Co.
Cleveland, Ohio

A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

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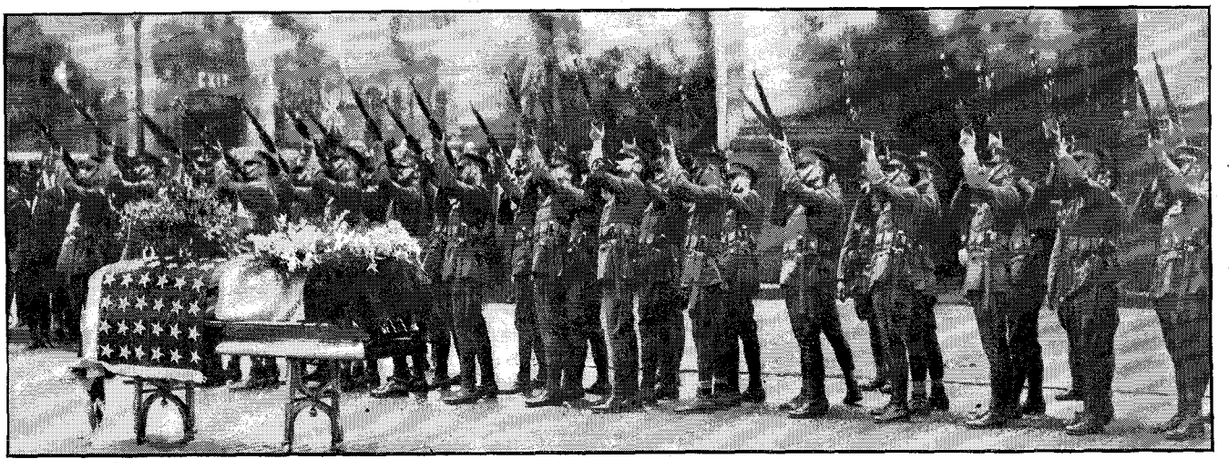


P. & A. photograph

HONOR TO MEXICO'S FALLEN EAGLE

Outside the Pennsylvania Terminal, in the heart of New York City, United States soldiers fired a salute over the coffin of Captain Carranza before a special train bore the remains home.

EMILIO CARRANZA AND HIS DUELS WITH DEATH

SULLEN, BLACK CLOUDS lowered fifty miles distant on the western horizon. The lone aviator saw them, not with apprehension, but with relief. Maneuvering his plane, he shot away, straight into the menacing cloud bank and the rain—an unusual procedure, but dictated by unusual circumstances. He had turned, just before, to stare death in the face. An elbow-shaped exhaust pipe carried hot gases away from his engine into the air. But he found, to his dismay, that the heat of the gases had melted the joint at the bend of the "elbow" and part of the pipe had dropt. To his horror, he saw that now the heated gas stream was aimed straight at the hollow wing of his plane, into which was built a tank containing 400 liters of gasoline. Even as he watched the wing was blackened and smoke began to curl upward. An explosion—fiery death and destruction—seemed the only possible conclusion, unless he could descend in time. But then, just at the right moment, he saw the clouds, and reached the fire-extinguishing rain in time.

Escapes from death as miraculous as this had been common with Capt. Emilio Carranza, "Mexico's Lindbergh," Alva Johnston tells us in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine. They were common, that is, up to his tragic end, when the miracles failed. How he crashed to death in a storm near Chatsworth, New Jersey, just after taking off from Roosevelt Field, Long Island, for a flight to his home in Mexico City, we know too well. He had flown up in his Ryan monoplane, almost a duplicate of Lindbergh's *Spirit of St. Louis*, on a good-will tour, courteously returning Lindbergh's visit to Mexico. He had received signal honors in America, and at home would have received even greater ones from his admiring compatriots.

The sensations of the Carr family, who, while picking berries, discovered the wrecked plane and the pitifully broken body after the machine had not been sighted or heard from for twenty hours, can be imagined. But it is almost impossible to realize the shock to Mexico, still sorrowing for the assassinated President-elect Obregon, or the scene in the Carranza home in Mexico City when, without warning the word came to it thus, as we read in a dispatch to the Philadelphia *Record:*

At the Carranza home a Mexican newspaperman was spending the evening with the flyer's mother and wife so that he might be the first to interview them when news came of the success of the flight from New York. They were chatting quietly when a man dashed in from the street shouting:

"Emilio is dead!"

A bolt of lightning had hurled him to the earth, some said at first, but later opinions veered to the theory that the plane crashed during an attempted landing on unknown terrain. But the fact that storms raged during the flight is certain. Said one resident of the district of the events of that night, according to the Philadelphia *Inquirer:*

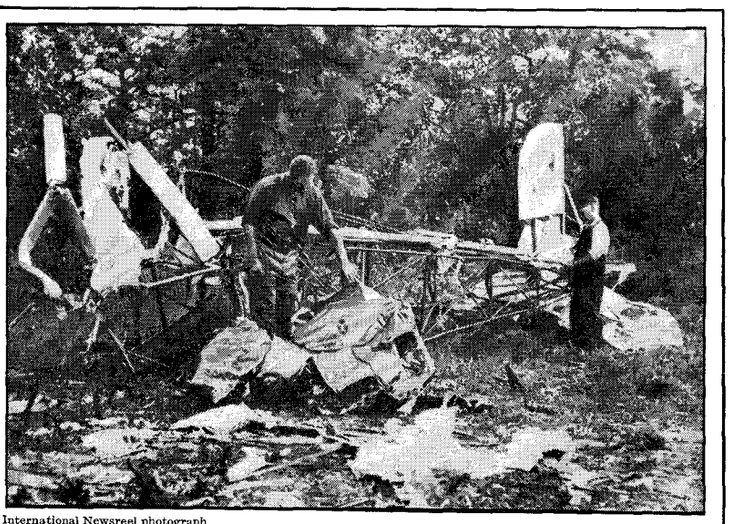
"At about half-past nine, my wife, children, and I were sitting in front of the fireplace in our home when a storm that had been raging for some minutes suddenly subsided.

"A few minutes later we heard what seemed to be, without a doubt, the roar of a plane. The motor was unmistakably missing.

"There are quite a few lights on the outside of our house, and they are the only lights hereabouts. He seemed to fly directly over our house and then swirled to the west. The motor was then cut off.

"For five or six minutes we heard nothing more. Then the storm broke anew. A few minutes later we heard the motor of the same plane, made particularly distinct by its missing.

"Then there was a dull crash. We thought something was wrong, but weren't quite sure, and didn't do anything about it."



International Newsreel photograph

ALL THAT WAS LEFT

Captain Carranza's crash totally wrecked his plane. Here is the battered mass as it was found in the New Jersey woods.

Of the military honors paid to Captain Carranza in America we have read, of the impressive funeral cortege which moved through the streets of New York, of the salute fired before the Pennsylvania Station in the heart of

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the city, just before a special train pulled out, bearing the remains to Mexico, and of the solemn and sorrowful scene on the international bridge at Laredo, Texas, when representatives of the United States returned the body of the flyer to representatives of his native land. And of the honors paid to him in his home, where sorrow is still deep for General Obregon, Jack Starr-Hunt tells us in a copyrighted account in *The Herald Tribune:*

All Mexico City abandoned its usual pursuits. Government buildings and the offices of commercial firms were closed. Mexican and foreign flags hung, either draped in black or at half-staff, all along the line of the funeral cortège. Altho the funeral train did not reach the station at Tacuba, a near-by suburb, where the coffin was lifted to the ground, until 9:30 o'clock in the morning, persons had gathered along the previously announced route of the procession at 8 o'clock and remained standing throughout the morning, the crowd gradually increasing until there was not room for a single man to squeeze into the streets.

Balconies were packed. Men, women, and children lined roof-tops. While it is difficult accurately to estimate the number of persons who paid homage to the aviator, 300,000 seems a conservative figure.

The distance from the Tacuba railway station to the War Office, in the left wing of the National Palace, where the body rested in state, about ten miles, leads directly through the heart of Mexico City. The road from the Valbuena flying field to Carranza's home leads over part of the route along which his body was borne, but no such great crowds had ever watched him pass before. His journey was symbolic of the good-will mission he undertook.

Mexicans, Americans, and other foreigners alike paid a sincere tribute to the aviator and remembered the date of his start for Washington.

Soon the long march to the War Office began. The caisson was preceded by troops in full-dress uniform, and staff officers rode astride black chargers. This contingent included a full turnout of the cadets of the Military Academy. Then came the coffin, draped with Mexican and American flags. It was flanked by a detachment of picked Mexican aviators, all of them intimate comrades and friends of Captain Carranza.

Many onlookers wore green, white, and red ribbons in their coat lapels with tiny strips of black crêpe. Many business men wore black to-day or black arm or hat bands. Airplanes overhead bore mourning emblems in the nature of long, black streamers. As they moved at a low altitude above the procession, they formed fleeting shadows, the only shade that kept off the sun's brilliant rays.

Captain Carranza had escaped death "by a miracle" on many occasions, as we have already quoted Mr. Johnston's article in *The Herald Tribune* Magazine. But, Mr. Johnston proceeds, "he had no confidence that these miracles would continue," in which regard we read on:

Shortly before his last flight he was asked if he would take part in coming air events at Los Angeles.

"If I am alive," he replied.

P. & A. photograph

A REAL MEXICAN GREETING

When Captain Carranza landed at Bolling Field, Washington, he spied Commander Carlos Castillo Breton, a friend from home. Dodging diplomats and other dignitaries, he held up the official welcome until the two had clutched each other in the typically Latin embrace, which we see above.

Carranza's face was long, lean, and bony. Its length was a heaven-sent gift to the artists of Mexico, where the custom is to glorify national heroes by the most violent and fantastic caricatures. The Mexican cartoonists narrowed down and stretched out the features of Carranza until they had given him a dagger-shaped physiognomy, the high forehead serving for the handle, the cheekbones for the hilt and the long jaw for the blade. On close examination it might have been seen that the left side of his face did not exactly balance his right. This was because the bony structure of the left side of his head and face had been shattered by a crash into a tree and reconstructed with the aid of platinum rivets. But the surgery was well done. Only the slightest external traces remained to indicate the rebuilt skull, cheek, and jawbone.

Emotionally, the Mexican was at the other end of the scale from Lindbergh. Carranza was as impulsive as Lindbergh is reserved. When his attempted non-stop flight from Mexico City to Washington, which was intended to repay Lindbergh's good-will visit, was broken off by a forced descent in the fog at a town in South Carolina, the Mexican boy made no attempt to hide his chagrin and disappointment.

"I think the people at Washington won't be so glad to see me," he exclaimed, "and my people won't be so proud of me."

A few hours later when he did arrive at Bolling Field he leapt from *Muy Bonita*, as he called his plane, dodged through colonnades of silk-hatted diplomats and good-will manufacturers and threw himself on Commander Carlos Castillo Breton, a Mexican officer whom he had recognized at a distance. The official hands-across-the-Rio-Grande ceremonials had to wait while Carranza and his friend clenched in a fierce Latin embrace.

Carranza, who had helped to erase four anti-government armies with "terrible thoroughness" and to end the 100-year Yaqui Indian war, proving the value of the airplane in the Mexico of today, told of one of his parachute leaps:

"My plane caught fire during the campaign in Sonora against the Yaqui," he said. "My observer and I had to jump, and we landed on cactus plants. We were stuck from our head to our knees with cactus spines. These are an inch or two inches in length, and barbed so that they can not be removed without tearing the flesh. My observer was crying that his eye was out. One spine seemed to be sticking into it. I found that it had missed the eyeball, but had pierced deeply just above it. I succeeded in getting that out, and we pulled out a few that stabbed us as we walked. I had several on my chin. But we had no time to bother with the spines, for we were in the country of the Yaqui. They were close to us, and capture meant death with torture. We had to wriggle through cacti for four hours, picking up more and more spines. Finally we reached the railroad line and found comrades. I spent eight days in the hospital having the cactus thorns removed and being treated for the wounds."

On September 2, 1927, just after the Yaqui campaign, Carranza made his first long flight, a jump from Mexico City to El Paso, a distance of more than 1,200 miles.

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"I had lost every ounce of cheerfulness I ever possessed!"

Los Angeles, Calif.

"Two years ago an attack of influenza left me so weak that I had to give up all my favorite outdoor sports. I lost weight steadily — became nervous, 'touchy'. Everything I ate seemed to disagree with me.

"Medicines proving useless, my parents suggested a change of climate. But a month's rest left me no better than before.

"One day a friend of mine suggested 'Fleischmann's Yeast.' It seemed useless, but I started in, eating a cake three times a day. The results were wonderful —and prompt. In a month I had taken enormous strides toward recovery. I can't praise Fleischmann's Yeast too highly."

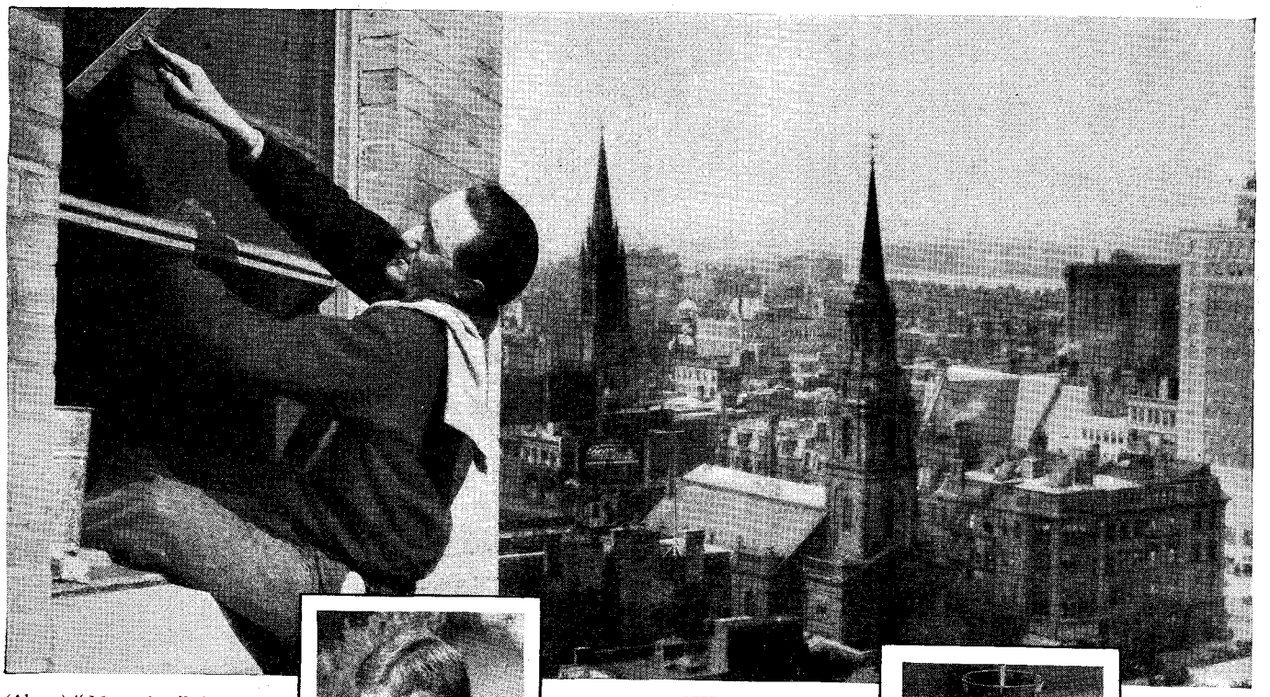
JESSIE E. GRENNAN

MISS JESSIE E. GRENNAN, *Los Angeles*

THE use of drugs and strong cathartics is like a vicious circle. The oftener you take them the sooner you need to resort to them again.

Fleischmann's Yeast acts differently. Fresh yeast is not a medicine but a *food* —like any garden vegetable. Yeast tones up sluggish intestines, clears out depressing poisons. Evacuation gradually becomes regular, *complete*. Your whole system responds—digestion, appetite, complexion. Even your disposition reflects your new internal health!

Buy 2 or 3 days' supply at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool, dry place. Write for booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. C-119, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.



(Above) "*My work calls for steady nerves,*" *says Mr. Wilson. He writes:*

Waltham, Mass.

"RECENTLY I formed my own window cleaning business. I work on the job all day, and in the evening attend to the details of management—taking on helpers and getting new business.

"I am also keen on dancing. But pimples and blackheads embarrassed me and I felt below par from stomach trouble.

"My doctor advised Fleischmann's Yeast. It drove all the poison out of my system and completely cleared my skin. I come home with plenty of pep left over for dancing. What's more, the girls seem glad to dance with me."

R. ROYCE WILSON

MR. L. C. SNOW

(LEFT)

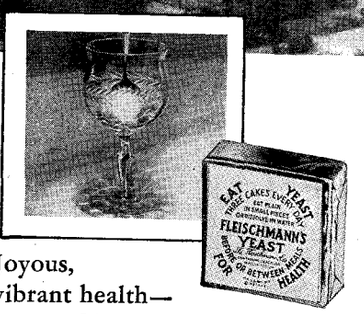
Salt Lake City, Utah

"OVER A thousand young people every year report to me as president of the Missionary Home for a brief training course. By all odds the most common ailment among them is constipation—showing itself in skin troubles and general inefficiency.

"Fleischmann's Yeast as a corrective food had long interested me. Repeated attacks of indigestion finally spurred me to try it—3 cakes a day.

"After several months I was enjoying all my taboo dishes. My indigestion had vanished. For the correction of constipation, indigestion and bad skin I now make it a practice to advise the regular eating of Fleischmann's Yeast."

LEROI C. SNOW



Joyous, vibrant health—

this new, simple way!

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals: just plain, or in water or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake in hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed.

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SPORTS · AND · ATHLETICS

A BLOODY BATTLE AND A NEW CAREER FOR TUNNEY

A TALL MAN, HEAVILY HANDSOME, with another man's blood on his chest, and a squat man whose face was like a formless crimson sponge, moved in a lucent cube cut out of the darkness by a bank of lights at the Yankee Stadium in New York. For more than half an hour they fought, with one minute of rest for every three of battle. Eleven times they left their corners, Courtenay Terrett writes in the New York *Telegram*, "and twice the squat and bloody man could not walk back alone." For in those eleven rounds, the writer goes on, "before the referee pushed them apart for the last time and led the blinded loser to his stool, Gene Tunney expertly wrecked the rugged Tom Heeney," the "Hard Rock" from "down under" in New Zealand, "beat him until only a fundamental instinct for courage flickered in the man."

Thus Tunney came to the end of the heavyweight championship road, for less than a week after he beat Heeney, and after several days of rumors regarding his future, he announced, "I have fought my last bout as a professional boxer." Only Jim Jeffries retired as champion before him, we are reminded as we read in the New York *Evening World:*

"I feel that I am still young enough to make another start in new fields," Tunney said, "and I am anxious to leave the game better than I found it. There is no contender at the present time who appears capable of attracting real public interest. If there were, I might delay my retirement long enough to face him in the ring. But it looks as if it might be two or three years before a dangerous opponent is developed. That is too long to stand and wait.

"Under these circumstances it is my desire to place in the hands of Tex Rickard a belt, or other suitable emblem of supremacy, to be awarded by him to that boxer who, through a series of elimination bouts, or victories over the most formidable opponents that can be obtained, shall prove himself deserving of it."

The big marine leaves the ring after the first financial failure Tex Rickard ever has suffered in promoting a heavyweight championship match. Tunney's bout with the New Zealand champion drew slightly more than 41,000 to the Yankee Stadium, and the net receipts totaled little over $500,000. The promoter's losses from all sources amounted to $250,000.

The heavyweight champion is believed to possess through careful investment a fortune of well over $1,000,000.

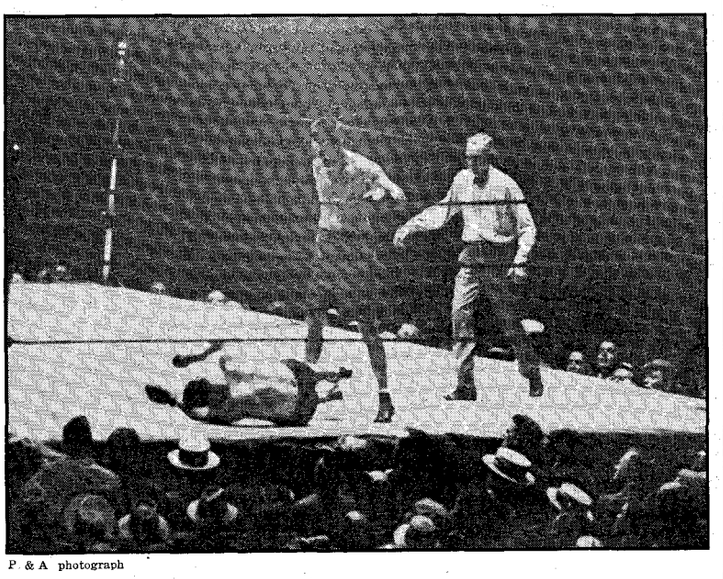
The "killer glint" in his eyes when he found that he had Heeney's range, says the New York *World* of Gene's last fight, "heralded the fact that Tunney, the fighter, had succeeded Tunney, the boxer." We read on:

Jack Dempsey in his most vicious mood never tore into a fighter more savagely than Gene did when he scented a kill. Before the fight he said he would step in and slug with the "Hard Rock," and he did just that. Indeed, early in the fight Tunney seemed to sense that he had little to fear from the New Zealander's punch, and he took chances that the overcautious Tunney of old never would have taken.

When Heeney started to rock on his pins in the tenth there was no mercy in Tunney's attack. He slashed Tom around with relentless fury, and when Heeney was no longer able to defend himself, Tunney measured him as coolly as a butcher does a chicken's neck and knocked him cold as a creditor's hello.

When he realized that the bell had saved his opponent, the killer look came back into his eyes and he leapt from his corner like a cat for its prey.

Gone, apparently, is the Tunney who always was content to outscore his foe. The evolution of Tunney, the boxer, into Tunney, the fighter, is complete.



P. & A. photograph

IT'S ALMOST OVER NOW

The photographer has caught the thrilling moment in the tenth round when Heeney, knocked to the floor, would have been counted out, sports writers agree, had not the bell ending the round sounded just in time.

The Heeney battle, which brought out in Gene Tunney qualities commonly supposed to be more human than his mastery of technique, is described by W. O. McGeehan in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

Gene Tunney, born James Joseph, retained the heavyweight championship of the world by battering Tom Heeney, the man of the Anzac, into such an unsightly mass that referee Eddie Forbes stopt the bout with eight seconds of the eleventh round to go. At this point Heeney, with his left eye closed and his face battered and smeared with crimson, was staggering about feebly against the ropes in the champion's corner.

He had been down in the round before so helpless and so weak that all of his seconds, rushing into the ring at its conclusion, had difficulty in dragging him to the corner. It seemed that he would not be able to rise from the stool, but they dashed water into his face and revived him. When the bell rang he rushed at Tunney and swung one weak right to the head. Then the slaughter continued.

The heavyweight champion, coldly, and it seemed dispassionately, drove rights under the heart that made the Anzac's mouth open, then drove lefts to the head that sent the blood spattering about the canvas. There were many shouts of "Stop it!" as the game plodder of the Anzac, with his body bent, fell against the ropes where Tunney stood over him for the *coup de grâce.* As the referee pushed the serene and serious champion back, Heeney uttered a feeble protest through his bruised lips and choked from the blood as he made it. The set expression of killing concentration disappeared from the handsome face of the champion.

Tunney put his arm consolingly and almost with a protective gesture around the shoulders of the soldier from the Anzac and led him to his corner. There was no protest there. The Harveys and the Mortimers, humane men, knew that it would be useless to keep their man in there to receive any more of that cold and concentrated punishment.

As an exhibition of gameness and a demonstration of the science branch of the manly art of modified murder, it was a success.

But Tunney's calmness—or coldness—was maintained before the fight to such a degree that he slept during much of his

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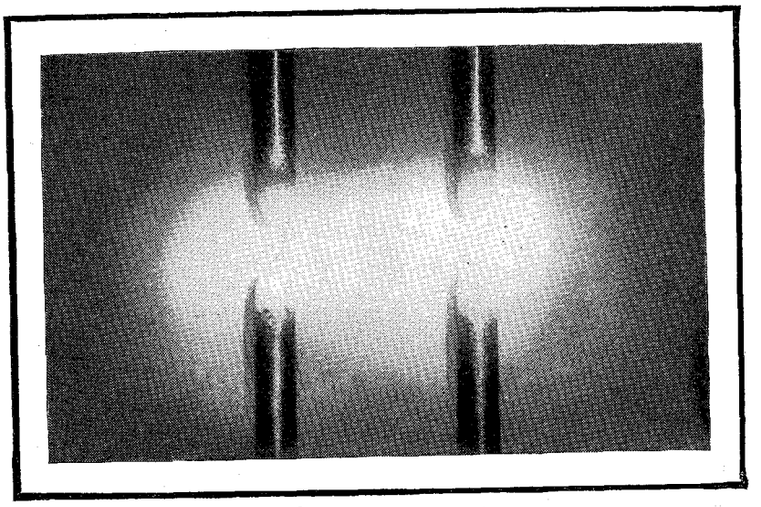

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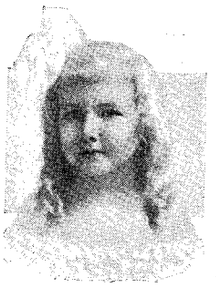

But one of many

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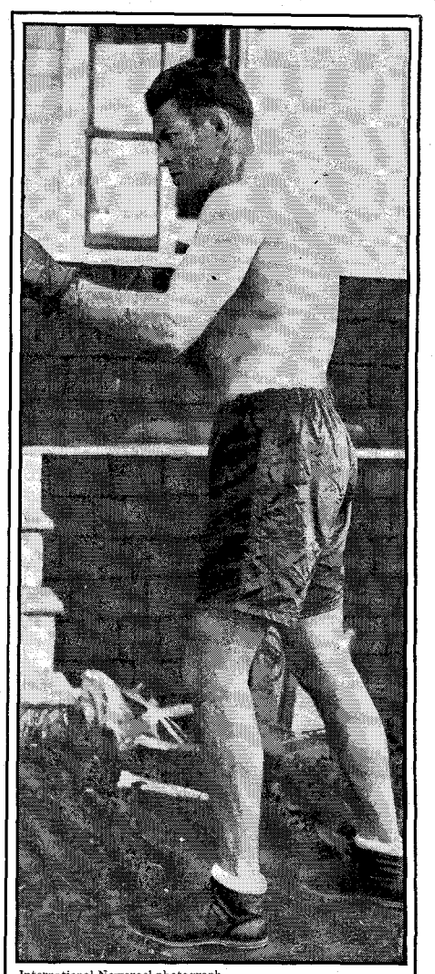
SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

airplane trip from his training quarters at Speculator, New York, to New York City. Mr. McGeehan, who flew with the champion, gives us this glimpse of him, also, in *The Herald Tribune:*

Mr. Gene Tunney slept serenely for an hour in a Sikorsky amphibian airplane rocking gently 4,000 feet above the Hudson



International Newsreel photograph

READY FOR WORK

Gene poses in his business clothes, showing us how he squares off for action.

as it flew on an average speed of ninety-eight miles an hour from Speculator in the Adirondacks to New York.

Before lapsing into this pacific state, Mr. Tunney perpetrated a mild practical joke. Mr. Charles V. Bob, who sat beside him in the plane, tapped your correspondent, who was parked in the middle seat of the amphibian, and motioned with his cigaret case that it would be in order to smoke. Your correspondent rolled himself one of his favorite brand.

Instantly Mr. Tunney tapped him on the shoulder and demanded. "Do you want to ruin Mr. Rickard's entire evening? Those cans are full of gasoline." Mr. Tunney indicated some five-gallon tins marked "gasoline." Mr. Bob grinned cheerfully. "They're empty," he said.

Tunney laughed quietly. He had his little joke. Then he settled himself back

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in his seat, and in a few minutes was breathing heavily and peacefully. He slept tranquilly as the plane passed over Albany.

The plane was piloted by Capt. Bill Winston, whose mechanician, Louis Burnell, sat beside him. In the middle your correspondent sat with his portable typewriter on his knee. Behind him the champion, with his legs stretched and relaxed, sat beside Mr. Bob.

The plane took off from Lake Pleasant at about 10 A. M., circling the lake as it rose to an altitude of 4,000 feet to clear the peak of Speculator. The entire village and nearly all of Hamilton County were massed around the little beach of sand where the plane was moored. As Tunney walked down to step in, they crowded around him, reaching out to touch him. The old women clung to him and murmured, "God bless you."

As the Sikorsky taxied across the lake preliminary to rising with all the power of its two motors, Tunney leaned out of one of the open windows of the cabin and waved his hand, "Well, and that's that," he said. As we circled the lake he pointed out the landmarks he knew—the cottage in the pines, the ring, the "hyena house," where the sparring partners used to live.

"And anybody who wants a nice training ring can have that one," he said cryptically. The last discernible figure was that of Sheriff "Pants" Lawrence, who stood moodily up to his waist in water of the lake. Excitement and romance had come and gone as far as "Pants" was concerned.

The big plane swept over the summit of the big peak, over the lake, and winged down through the Valley of the Mohawk. Now and then there was a faint slipping as it winged southward, but the motion was pleasant.

Tunney settled back in his seat, and his eyes began to close. Mr. Bob tapped your correspondent on the shoulder and motioned toward Tunney. The champion in his aerial cradle was taking his rest.

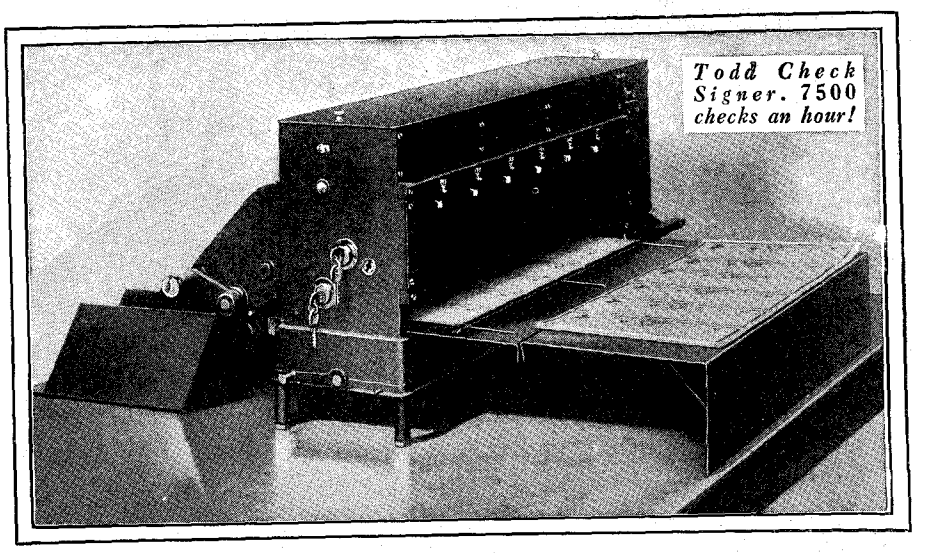
It was a weird contrast to the rides of former champions, John L. Sullivan riding majestically out in an open-faced hack, the champions of the London prize-ring days riding out in tallyhos in search of a good bit of turf. Certainly on this trip Gene Tunney seemed even more placid than he did on the glowering afternoon when he rode down from the anthracite mountains in an airplane through the clouds to meet Jack Dempsey, taking the nap that he took in the air this time in his dressing-room, where he had to be wakened to walk into the ring.

But when the fight was over, Gene was his genial, kindly self, as Hype Igoe shows us in *The World*, speaking first of Heeney:

They led him to his corner and after they had attempted to wipe away the evidences of Tunney's mastery, Tom tottered out to mid-ring again. He elbowed a weary way among the Tunney rooters, and actually faced Tunney around so that he could talk to him.

I don't know what they said. Tunney said something that must have been splendid. It was something kindly, because Tom's head fell down on his chest and there were tears in his eyes. Tunney talked slowly, calmly, and with his eyes spelling his earnestness. He wound up by putting both soggy gloves on Tom's shoulders.

Then I heard him say, "Tom, you're a game man," and the little duolog ended there. Tunney drew his great marine robe around him and walked about the ring to greet friends around the ringside. He seemed in no hurry to leave, tho an extra



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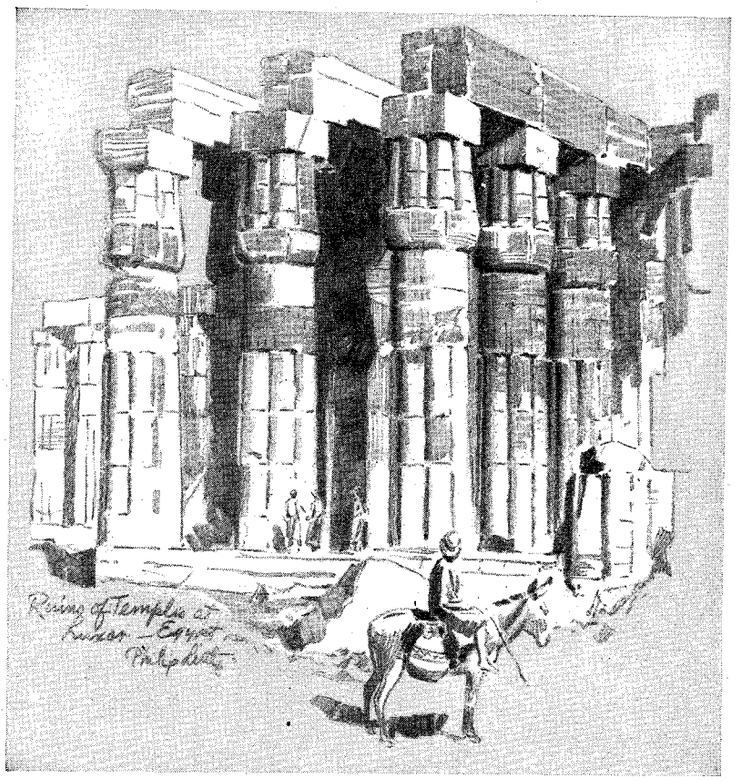

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

bout was to go on. Gene talked for the radio and so did Tom.

Both pleaded their case to the outside world. Heeney simply told them that he had met a better man. And he had.

And in the New York *Times*, John Kieran gives us this even more intimate after-the-battle glimpse:

Gene Tunney was in the dressing-room after the fight, chatting with a few close friends. He was all drest. The mob of handshakers who never fail to throng around a winner had come and gone. Lights were going out all over the huge structure. The show was over. It was time to go home.

The door opened and in came Tom Heeney. He was alone. He was a beaten and a badly battered man. In front of him he saw the fighter who had pounded him to the canvas and ruined his chance of making a huge fortune. What could Tom Heeney find to say to the man who has smashed his features, broken his heart and deprived him of perhaps a million dollars?

"Tom, listen!" said Tunney, rushing forward, "take care of that eye. Gosh, don't let it get infected."

"Never mind me eye," said Heeney. "Gene, I just came in here to tell you that you're a square fighter and a great fighter. Here's my hand. The best of luck go with you wherever you go."

For once the imperturbable champion choked up with emotion, and it wasn't until Tom had disappeared through the door that Gene could summon enough words to ask the little group: "Wasn't that great of Tom?"

While Hugh Bradley gives us this picture in the New York *Evening Post:*

It was the real Gene Tunney speaking. Drest just as he was in the ring, the heavyweight champion was receiving the congratulations of his friends.

At such moments Tunney is at his best. He is the Greenwich Village boy and the young man who traveled to France with the marines. The synthetic personality which has been built up for him, probably not to his liking, by numerous writers, was missing. He was a genial gentleman who could politely overlook a split infinitive, and who would never think of bringing up the matter of Shakespeare.

With his bare and powerful chest heaving gently, and without a mark upon him, Tunney hastened to give due credit to the fallen Heeney while the haze of battle still hung over the Stadium.

"Tom Heeney is a game, courageous fellow. It was a pleasure to meet him," said the champion. "I am very much gratified that I won, but I am much concerned about Tom."

Ten years ago, Grantland Rice reminds us in *The Herald Tribune*, Jack Dempsey was a year away from the championship, and Jess Willard looked invincible. But in those days there was a young marine, of whom "Jersey" Jones wrote reminiscently to Mr. Rice, who quotes him thus in his column:

The world in a turmoil. The Allies and

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the Huns at death grips over yonder in France. America rushing into the thick of things. War camps springing up from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf to the Great Lakes.

Paris Island, a desolate, barren spot off the swampy coast of South Carolina. The training camp of the United States Marines. Recruits—or "boots," as they were called—piling in daily. Boys and men from the canyons of New York, the vast rolling plains of Texas, the towering mountains of Tennessee, the picturesque fishing villages of New England; embryo "leathernecks," all with the one goal in mind: To do their bit toward stemming the threatening advance of Kaiserism through the civilized world.

Not a pleasant place, Paris Island. Sand. Sand. Sand. Scorching, blistering heat. Mosquitoes.

The quarantine camp, where the new arrivals reported before they were sworn in and sent over line to begin training at the maneuver grounds.

Stifling hot tho the days may have been, the evenings usually were cool, and the boys in the quarantine camp were permitted an hour or two before "taps" to indulge in what few pleasures the place offered. Boxing seems to have had the most appeal.

On the sand, still warm from "Old Sol's" powerful rays of the afternoon, future "leathernecks" would form a wide circle. A set of gloves would appear. Two boys would volunteer to don them. With self-appointed referee and timekeeper, the evening's fun would start.

In camp was one Charles F. Murray, who as "Toughey" Murray, of Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, had acquired something of a reputation in professional fistic circles. Murray was not a champion, but a rough, tough, two-handed, experienced campaigner, who had tangled with quite a few of the outstanding bantams and feathers of the time.

Fist fighting was more than a business with "Toughey." It was a pleasure. He was ever ready to accommodate any one and every one willing to don the gloves with him.

On one certain evening Murray found himself facing a tall, fine-looking, but rather shy and embarrassed youth—a boy of twenty, standing close to six feet in altitude and weighing perhaps 160 or 165 pounds.

The gloves were on and laced. "Toughey" and the "Big Boy" stept toward each other on the sands and shook hands.

"Ready?" queried the referee.

"Let's go!" bellowed Murray.

"Time!" yelled the timekeeper.

A bit of a smile twisted at the corners of "Toughey's" mouth as he gript his gloves and moved nonchalantly toward his opponent. This promised to be easy.

Getting within firing range, Murray shot over a vicious left hook at the "Big Boy's" chin. But something went wrong. It missed! Not only missed, but "Toughey's" own chin stopt a left that jolted him back on his heels.

Murray was surprized. Evidently his opponent knew something about the business. Well, that made the game all the more interesting. There is more of a "kick" to boxing with some one who knows how to handle himself than there is to belting around a willing but crude novice.

So "Toughey" gathered himself together and bored in. Over went that left hook again—but once more it missed and for the second time Murray found himself

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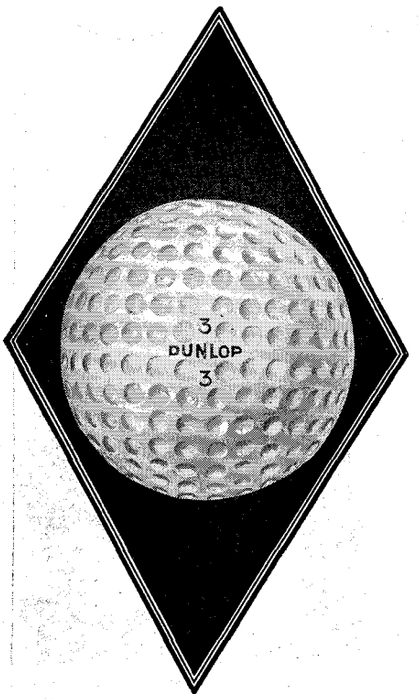

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HEARD ANYONE
ASK FOR A BETTER
GOLF BALL THAN
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THE **$1**
IMPORTED BLACK
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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

brought up short with a jarring left that rattled his molars.

But there was no quit in "Toughey." Gritting his teeth, clenching his fists, his eyes flashing with fight, he dug right into his opponent, and for some two minutes the enthusiastic, cheering leathernecks-to-be encircling the combatants were treated to a right royal Donnybrook.

Finally—

"Time!"

Murray, breathing heavily, his face showing visible evidence of the hectic session just finished, dropt his hands and gazed wonderingly at his opponent. Then, smiling, he stuck out his right glove.

"Put it there, buddy—I know when I'm licked," he said.

A shy smile spread across the "Big Boy's" handsome features. He grasped Murray's extended hand.

"Where y' from?" "Toughey" asked.

"New York," was the reply.

"J ever box before?"

"Yes—a little."

"Well, lissen, brother. That's a great left hand you got, and a good right, too, and y' know how to box. Just stick to the business and you'll be a champ."

"Thanks. I hope so."

"An' say, what's y'r name? I'll wanna remember it."

The answer meant nothing that certain July evening ten years ago, but it was to mean much in the years to come. To-day it is the name of the world's heavyweight champion—

"Tunney. . . . Gene Tunney."

IT TAKES SAND TO BE A SANDE

MASHED potatoes, cream gravy, roast pork, pie, ice-cream. The jockey ate them all and sat back with a contented sigh after his "food spree." Keeping down to weight had been long and rigorous and this "dissipation" was pleasant. But the next morning he had to run a few more miles, train harder to fight off the fat. For, we are told, the jockey who has reached 118 pounds is about through with racing. "Some folks think a jockey lives on Easy Street. All they see is the show out in front," observes A. A. Preciado in N. E. A. Magazine service, going on with a word picture of the gay life the public thinks the jockey enjoys away from the race-track. But, "as a matter of fact," he says further, "the jockey may be at home reading the paper or spending a quiet evening listening to the radio until it's time to crawl under the covers around 9:30 P. M. 'Wouldn't you be in a fine fix the next day for a horse race if you woke up at noon, or later, with a terrible headache? I ask you that?' The man who 'asks you that' is Earl Sande,'" who, we read in the New York *Evening Post*, plans to end a brilliant turf career at the close of this season. Mr. Preciado writes on:

Sande has seen both the dreamy side and the seamy side of this sport of kings. It's his business, his profession—training

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and schooling horses, keeping down to weight.

"That soft existence isn't the kind of life we jockeys live," he says, "tho it's typical of the sort of life a great many folks think we lead. Perhaps when they learn that I'm up at five-thirty in the morning every day of the racing season, when most people are still slumbering, maybe they'd realize that the soft snap that we're supposed to enjoy is just another one of those myths.

"But being up at 5:30 A. M isn't all there is to the daily grind. I wish it were. That's just the beginning of a number of hard tasks that have to be accomplished before you can call it a day. After getting up from your sound sleep, the next hard task is to enjoy a slim breakfast. This consists of nothing but toast and coffee, and sometimes grapefruit or prunes.

"Then you hurry to the race-track to be there before six-thirty. When you arrive on the scene you find that you're not the first one on the job by any means. The trainer has been there an hour ahead of you, the exercise boys, who some day may become great jockeys, are already on the track limbering up the horses, and other jockeys are working or schooling their mounts. The whole scene reminds you of a busy farm with all hands up and doing. There is no waste motion.

"Unless you know something about racing you would hardly believe there was so much activity at this hour of the morning, when the Wall Street broker or the tired Fifth Avenue merchant is rolling over for another sound nap. The plant is steamed up.

"Everybody—from the trainer, who is responsible to the millionaire owner for the condition of his string, to the exercise boys, and the rubbers who massage the horses, and the jockeys who are to do the riding—is engaged for the next three and a half hours in whipping horseflesh into true racing form.

"If any one expects to become a jockey, this daily grind is one of the things he's got to figure on as part of his profession. There is no way of getting out of it, and you've got to stick to it as long as you're in the racing game.

"A prima donna may work night and day rehearsing her part for a new musical show, but when the show opens she's through with most of the distasteful training. The ball player has seven months of hard labor running bases and chasing flies, but when the seven months are up all he has to do is collect his world series cut and go fishing.

"Gene Tunney may have to do a lot of road work at a terrific clip for about six weeks, and then collect a million dollars or so for less than an hour's work in the ring. Then he's through until another logical contender appears on the horizon, which may be inside another year or never.

"Not so with the jockey. The jockey's season never ends. His is an endless chain of dieting and fasting and watching the scales. No movie star ever kept tab on her weight with the same meticulous care that the jockey uses in controlling his weight. The moment he feels he's acquired an ounce or two, he begins to take drastic measures to get it off. He dreads it as much as he does the plague.

"Now getting back to where we started: after the morning work, I come home and go to bed. In the beginning of my career I had a hard time dropping off to sleep when I'd return from the track. I'd toss around in bed trying to keep my eyes closed. It was useless. I couldn't keep

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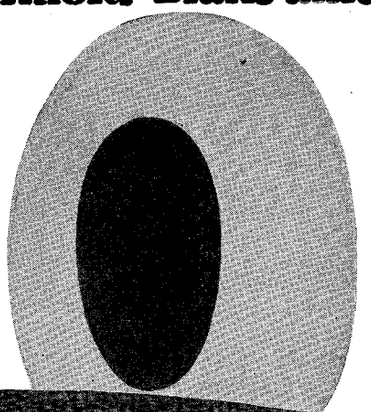

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

my mind off my business. Now it's different. I have learned to concentrate on the fact that I've grown tired and sleepy after being up since five-thirty, and I doze off two minutes after I stretch out. I generally sleep until twelve-thirty.

"Remember I've not had a bite to eat since that breakfast of toast and coffee at 6:30 A. M. I'm pretty hungry by noon. A heavy lunch is out of the question. Therefore the only nourishment I can take is in the form of orange juice shaken up with a raw egg, which my valet prepares for me.

"Every important jockey has a valet who takes care of his riding clothes, saddles, and other necessary equipment. After drinking down this stuff, there is nothing more for me until six o'clock. This conditioning is kept up year in and year out. There is no letting up. The jockey must keep in shape and down to weight.

"You've got to hit the beam around 110 or 112 to be certain of your share of mounts. I've been in the racing game now nearly twelve years, and I'm growing older. It is becoming difficult for me to keep down to weight.

"When I told you that I consider racing a hard life, I meant every word I said. I enjoy eating as much as anybody else, and I can't eat what I want while I am a jockey. Many a time I've been dying for a glass of cool sparkling water, but I've had to pass it up. The only way I get water is through my coffee and vegetables.

"I'm afraid that those who like sugar and candy would not find my profession very agreeable. In order to keep down to racing weight, they'd have to take their coffee black and without sugar.

"When a mature person scales down to 110 or 112 pounds, he has about reached his limit of reduction. There is nothing else to take off, unless it's an arm or a leg. One little morsel of food in his diet that isn't according to the Hoyle of fasting, and he's got to pay the piper.

"For this reason he has to watch his food as closely as Lindbergh watches his instruments when he's flying over strange country."

It was on the afternoon of January 21, 1918, we are reminded, that Sande, a freckle-faced kid of nineteen, won his first horse-race on a recognized track. This was in New Orleans when he brought home Prince S, a second-rate thoroughbred. Since that time, the story continues:

He has ridden 900 winners across the tape. An average of ninety winners a year! Among these horses you will find Zev and Flying Ebony in the Kentucky Derby; Grey Lag, Zev, and Mad Hatter in the Belmont Stakes; Grey Lag and Mad Hatter in the Suburban Handicap; Little Chief in the Brooklyn Handicap; Mad Hatter (twice), Grey Lag, in the Metropolitan Handicap, and Zev in the famous international race with Papyrus at Belmont Park, a few years ago.

"The first money I ever collected for riding was in 1913 at American Falls, Idaho," Sande told me. "A man by the name of Burr Scott had a horse named Guise that he had entered in a Fourth of July race. At the last moment he needed a rider. So he went among the spectators calling for a volunteer jockey, and I jumped

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at the chance. It was my first real race, tho I had ridden my roan pony in a lot of impromptu races against the horses of other kids.

"I brought home Guise in front, and won a ten-dollar purse for the owner and one dollar for myself. I've had many a thrill on the big race-tracks of America since then, and I've ridden some wonderful horses, but I don't think I'll ever experience the kick I got out of bringing that horse home to victory."

DOG-RACING—BRITAIN'S NEW SPORT

A "SURE cure for anarchy," according to his majesty the King of Spain, is dog-racing. Not long ago he witnessed a dog-race in England, we are told, and exprest a wish that he might have the sport in his own country, where, just as in England, it would keep the populace mightily amused. How mightily may be judged by the fact that "each London newspaper now has its greyhound 'expert' who makes his suggestions as to probable winners, and every race is fully reported." In a copyrighted article in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, Lora Kelly observes that greyhound-racing, which we have already discust, is "for the people, of the people, and by the people," and is held in the evenings and Saturday afternoons when 'Arry and 'Arriet have finished their day's work. Describing a recent dog-race at Wembley Park, she tells us:

Large signs announcing the admission fee, one shilling and twopence, hung over all the entrances. In the brilliant sunshine the vast, concrete structure loomed on the top of the hill like a rambling gray castle. From its towers alternately floated the British jack and blue flags stenciled with silver greyhounds.

Once inside the iron gates, it was much like any American baseball stadium. In the daisy-pied infield was a rectangular scoreboard, lowered when the races were on, so that the view of the entire track might not be obstructed. The judges' stand near by was a simple white-painted step-ladder effect. At the starting-point on the track were white boxes with glass doors, accommodating six dogs. From four to six are entered in each race, the course measuring 525 yards.

When the bugler in the middle of the infield sounded his stirring notes—mess call to entice the dogs, no doubt—the white-coated trainers led forth their charges. Each animal wore a brightly colored jacket—orange, red, black, blue, striped—on which a number was prominently displayed.

As the march or "walk-around" proceeded around the track in front of the stands, bookmakers in every section became extremely vocal. "Three to one on the field, bar none!" "Five bob to one on "Ill Deuce"! and other exhortations not readily interpreted by one whose course in cockney has just begun.

As we are told, "names for racing dogs come out of the same bin as race-horse cognomens." Says the correspondent:

Upon consulting my scorecard, I found the above-mentioned "Ill Deuce" to be none other than "Il Duce." Other lightning-legged bow-wows were Lady Highcliffe, Air Dive, Captured Castle, and Blue

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guessing at tire pressure ...costs real money...

It's a common mistake that cuts hundreds of miles from the life of your tires . . . costs motorists millions of dollars every year

A SITUATION exists in America today that is causing genuine alarm among eminent tire authorities.

For it is now known that 80 per cent of all premature tire wear is caused by failure to keep tires properly inflated.

And yet, experts say, improper inflation can be easily avoided if the following three precautions are taken:

First, ask your dealer the exact pressures you should carry front and rear. Then test your tires regularly . . . once a week at least. For this purpose use the Schrader Gauge.

This gauge is built on simple, scientific principles. It is accurate and durable. Easy to read. Easy to use.

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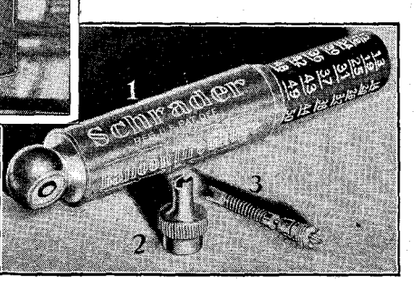
And third, change your valve insides once a year. See that you have the *genuine* Schrader . . . standard all over the world.

So go to your tire dealer. Ask him what pressure your tires should carry.

And then see that this pressure is maintained by the use of the three Schrader products described above. Sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world. A. Schrader's Son, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

KICKING AT TIRES is no way to tell the pressure. It always results in improper inflation. Inset photo shows how side-walls are broken down on an under-inflated tire.

HERE'S SOMETHING to remember! This bright red Schrader display cabinet on a dealer's counter or in his window is a sure sign he carries a complete line of genuine Schrader products . . . Tire Gauges, Valve Caps and Valve Insides.



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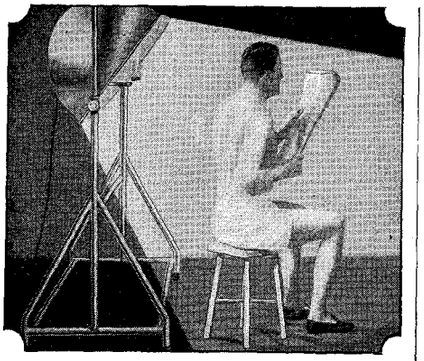

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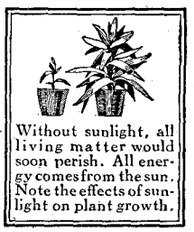

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"It is an arresting and a challenging work."—*Boston Globe.*

"The work is so all-inclusive, one can do no better than to recommend it heartily."—*New York American.*

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8vo, Cloth. 469 pages. $4.00, net; $4.18, post-paid.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

Monday. Labels of the assorted dogdom in other races were Any More Coming, Solemn Promise, London Pavilion, Beaded Cushion, Dick Turpin, Lindbergh, Brandy Puff, and Half in Earnest.

The story runs on:

The judge took his place on his white stepladder. He was a most elegant gentleman, attired in formal afternoon garb—frock coat, striped trousers, high silk hat, and everything, just as if he were about to pay a call at Buckingham Palace.

There was a perceptible stir throughout the stands. The "bookie" nearest me had a small blackboard erected on a standard with the names of the competing dogs and their respective betting odds written on it. Fastened to it was a leather bag for his money.

A short, stocky, collarless individual with an expansive smile, he kept "ragging" the entire section. His appeals were effective, for many a half crown was handed over the railing, each bettor receiving a numbered ticket in return. Plenty of time is allowed for these transactions to take place. Races are scheduled at intervals of fifteen minutes apart. As it takes the dogs a fraction of a minute to cover the entire oval of the track, the excitement of the actual race is brief.

With the favorites of the crowd selected and properly backed, the dogs were put into their white stalls, the electric hare was released and set going on its narrow track. With its furry gray-and-white body, long ears laid back and its fluffy blob of a tail, it careened comically on the little trolley-like arrangement which holds it to its course.

When it reached the starting-point gongs resounded, the doors flew open, and the dogs leaped out in hot pursuit.

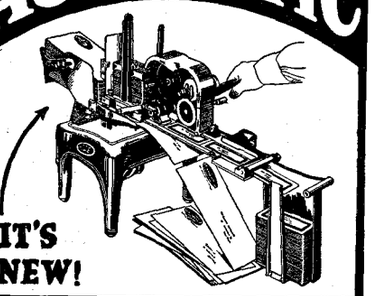
A fine show they must have made, with their numbered jackets flashing swift color in the sunlight, and "soon one was leading." As we read:

In these tense moments everybody stands, but there is little yelling. None of the "Attaboy! Come on, you Blue Monday!" one hears from an American crowd. But the half-audible murmur of comment rose as Melksham Determination led by a hound's length, his blue jacket making a vivid note of moving color. Almost to the finish this dog with a name almost as long as himself maintained his lead. But not quite. His nimble legs had not the stamina to hold out.

Captured Castle, in a spurt of speed reserved for those last yards, dashed pantingly ahead of him, and when the little hare had disappeared into his hole again Captured Castle was acclaimed the winner. A cheer went up from the stands, and once more the bookmakers were busy. Meanwhile, the mechanical scoreboard was raised once more, informing all and sundry that No. 1 finished first in 31:51, with No. 4 second. Everybody seemed satisfied with the outcome, the winnings were pocketed, and the card for the next race went up on the bookmaker's standard.

Hurdles are sometimes introduced to lend variety. This slows up the time somewhat, but makes the race more interesting. Five to seven races are run off in one meeting.

AUTOMATIC



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THE COVER

THE second of our "Ferris" pictures is presented to-day. This is the part of the historical series that we promised for monthly presentation. The subject is not so much an event famous in history as one touching the emotional life of hundreds of men living during the War of 1812, and at all times when war has held a country in its clutch. The present picture is thus described by the artist:

The canvas shows a view of Second Street at Pine in Philadelphia, the old Pine Street Market, or as it was then, Commissioners Hall. I am told that here was a recruiting station where we were endeavoring to raise an army on short notice, as has too often been our habit.

This disinclination to provide for our defense had probably been encouraged by Thomas Jefferson's attitude and previous announcement to the world that "his passion was Peace," an expression to be most unfortunately paraphrased by one of his successors many years afterward.

On the last day but one of 1812, Mainbridge, in the *Constitution* frigate, had taken the *Java*, and in February, 1813, the *Hornet* took the *Peacock*. The Pennsylvania Legislature offered to the Government a million dollars, and the excitement in Philadelphia was intense, for that city was practically defenseless. In March a British squadron entered the Delaware Capes, commanded by Sir John Beresford; the *Poictiers* seventy-four, *Belvidere* frigate, and the schooners *La Paz* and *Ulysses*. They attacked both sides of the bay, captured several merchantmen, and might easily have sailed up the Delaware and levied contributions, but for some reason, did not. The year was a gloomy one; Jackson's brilliant Indian campaign and the recapture of Detroit had been the only successes on land. But on September 10, 1813, Perry swept the enemy from Lake Erie.

A letter which we have received from the curator of Independence Hall, Philadelphia, will be of interest to our readers, so we quote it herewith:

Permit me to congratulate you on the announcement and first reproduction in THE LITERARY DIGEST of the J. L. G. Ferris Historical Paintings, the originals of which are on exhibition in the U. S. House of Representatives, Congress Hall.

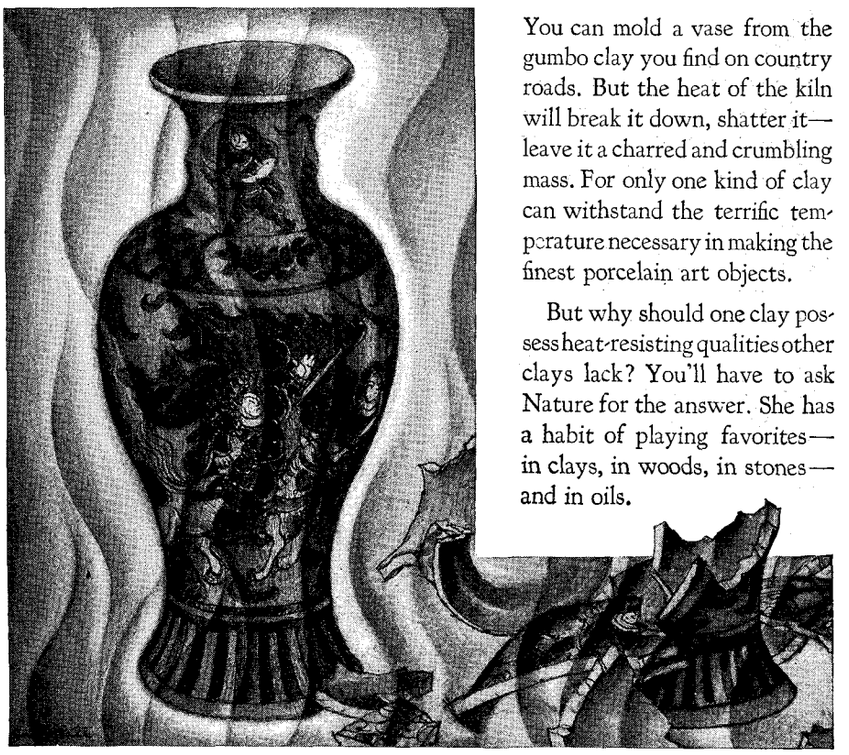
The writer is familiar with the galleries of all the leading museums in this country, and from personal observation can say no group of canvases, old or modern, have the tremendous appeal to the average American that the Ferris paintings have. They are unique in so many ways, in fact they stand by themselves as reproducing American historical events, are accurate in every detail, not only so far as the depiction of certain historical events goes, but the costumes depicted, the interiors shown, the accouterments, even to the detail of a sword hilt, the lock of a gun, the buckle on a shoe, the rake of a mast, are accurate to the nth degree.

From the splendid reception the series has been given by our visitors, amounting to over one million each year, I feel what you have planned to do in reproducing this series as a cover for THE LITERARY DIGEST, will meet with unusual popularity among your readers, of which I am one.

Very truly Yours,
WILFRID JORDAN.

One is perfect—one lies shattered

. . and only Nature can tell you why



You can mold a vase from the gumbo clay you find on country roads. But the heat of the kiln will break it down, shatter it—leave it a charred and crumbling mass. For only one kind of clay can withstand the terrific temperature necessary in making the finest porcelain art objects.

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INVESTMENTS · AND · FINANCE

PROGRESS TOWARD RAIL CONSOLIDATION

SEVEN YEARS HAVE PASSED since the Transportation Act committed the Interstate Commerce Commission to a policy of railroad consolidation, and yet no consolidation under the terms of the act has been made effective, while the public mind has been confused by a series of proposals and counter-proposals for consolidation, all of which have been rejected wholly or partially by the Commission. Nevertheless, we read in *The Index*, published by the New York Trust Company, something has been accomplished:

Complex as the question undoubtedly is, still the recent negotiations and discussions have given a clearer conception of the principles upon which consolidations can proceed; and at least the original conception of a compulsory and inclusive scheme of consolidation to be formulated by the Interstate Commerce Commission has given way to the far more practical idea of voluntary consolidations emanating from the railroads themselves based on business requirements and traffic relationships, and subject to the Commission's approval.

It is now pretty well established, we read, that a railroad consolidation must be justified from the standpoint of service to the public, with the financial profit a secondary matter—indeed, the accumulation of large profits by the promoters is considered something to be avoided. It will be remembered that the Transportation Act of 1920 gave the Interstate Commerce Commission charge of railroad consolidation, and instructed it to prepare a plan for consolidating all the railroad of the country into a limited number of great systems. Prof. William Z. Ripley, of Harvard, worked out such a plan for the Commission, suggesting the establishment of twenty-one systems, with 22,899 miles of trackage in the longest and 764 in the shortest. The plan embraced 220,000 miles of railroad and disregarded some 39,000. The Commission has concluded that it will be impossible to work out any such comprehensive plan, and has asked Congress to be relieved from this requirement. The Parker Bill, which will be presented to Congress again at the next session, embodies the principle of voluntary consolidation. As summed up by its sponsor:

Briefly, the bill relieves the Commission from the impossible task now imposed upon it in the preparation of a plan for the consolidation of all the carriers within the United States. Adequate corporate power is granted the carriers to carry out consolidations, when approved by the Interstate Commerce Commission and consented to by the carrier. A flexible procedure is prescribed, and for each proposed unification there should be one or more methods found in the bill fitted to the practical conditions confronting the carriers. Dissenting stockholders are protected.

There has been very little opposition to the general idea of rail consolidation. As we read on in *The Index:*

Several strong railroad systems may be more economical and efficient in operation than a multitude of smaller lines. At the same time, the larger railroads feel that there is no reason why they should be burdened with weaker roads which operate at a deficit, and many of which can now live only on the help received from the stronger lines. Consolidation from this standpoint must not be regarded as a method of supporting uneconomic lines, altho the conjunction of several small roads into one strong system often increases the profits of all of them because of a better balanced traffic, and to a certain extent railroads as "public utilities" should serve outlying districts, by rail or bus lines, even if these latter are not as profitable as other lines.

By carrying different products from different regions, as in one large system, seasonal changes in the volume of shipments are reduced, the traffic is more diversified, and the wasteful movement of empty cars should be partly avoided.

A large railroad system has been compared to a department store which is, in effect, a combination of a hundred different stores selling products through all seasons of the year—in other words, there is something selling all the time. Also, some railroads may have imperfect facilities of distribution in certain areas which combination with another road would remedy. Overhead expenses would also be reduced.

Then it is pointed out that the large system has more adequate resources for providing equipment and for borrowing money. And a group of reasonably uniform railroad systems would make it easier for the Interstate Commerce Commission to apply uniform rates. Looking back, the writer in *The Index* reminds us that:

The railroads prior to 1916 had been undergoing a gradual but sure process of consolidation for forty years. The country's largest railroad system, the Pennsylvania, is the outgrowth of a combination of some 600 different companies. The Pennsylvania System, carrying more traffic than any other railroad, now comprises about seventy distinct railroad companies, but only ten of them are operating companies, and the balance consists of leased lines. To a lesser degree, the New York Central has built up its system in the same way; and the Baltimore & Ohio, and the Van Sweringen interests have also been engaged in purchasing connecting railroad lines.

At present there are between 1,400 and 1,500 railroad companies, in which are about 175 Class 1 railroads (that is, those companies with over $1,000,000 annual gross revenues), and thirteen important switching and terminal companies. These Class 1 roads and terminal companies, 188 in all, operate 90 per cent. of the mileage, about 91 per cent. of the freight traffic, and receive about 96 per cent. of the total operating railway revenues of the country.

The most frequently discust consolidation plan involves the grouping of the principal railroads east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio and the Virginia Capes into four great trunk-line systems to be based on the existing Pennsylvania, New York Central, and Baltimore and Ohio lines, plus some combination of the so-called Van Sweringen roads—Erie, Chesapeake and Ohio, Nickel Plate, and Pere Marquette. It will be remembered that the Interstate Commerce Commission rejected the Van Sweringen merger plans except for the acquisition of the Pere Marquette by the Chesapeake and Ohio. Various other suggestions have been turned down, including L. F. Loree's plan for a fifth trunk-line, but the writer in *The Index* notes that the four big systems are at work preparing a mutually agreeable four-plan system; "the details of this plan are not yet available, but it is believed that a satisfactory arrangement as far as the Eastern railroads are concerned, may be reached."

In this connection attention should be called to a recent statement on railroad consolidation by the New York banker, Otto H. Kahn, which was misunderstood, apparently, by the reporters who heard it. Mr. Kahn was quoted by the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* as saying that "within a year a plan will be officially presented calling for the consolidation of practically every big Eastern railroad into a single system," and this quotation was reprinted in THE LITERARY DIGEST of July 21. Mr. Kahn has written to the Chicago daily to point out that he was misunderstood, and that what he did say related to these plans now under discussion for combining the eastern trunk-lines into four great systems, and for submitting such a plan to the Interstate Commerce Commission within a year. Mr. Kahn says emphatically:

A combination of all the trunk-lines into one single system is to me a quite unthinkable consummation. And, even if it were practicable, which I feel certain it is not, I should consider it as highly undesirable.

Returning to the general discussion in *The Index*, we find it noted that, out of all this maze of consolidation proposals, these chief criticisms emerge:

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During the last 5 years the Bell System spent $1,800,000,000 on additions, and improvements of its plant.

There is equally a public requirement for safety of principal and earnings of the stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company — the parent company of the Bell System. Since its incorporation in 1885 it has never missed paying a regular dividend to its stockholders, who now number more than 420,000.

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

1. The proposed plans have not always been in the public interest in the sense that they have occasionally eliminated competition between parallel lines where competition should be preserved.
2. The proposed consolidations would have resulted in the accumulation of larger profits for promoters than the Commission is willing to approve.
3. In some instances the proposed consolidations have failed to include the short lines which are often of very great value to the small communities which they serve, and which might be at a disadvantage if omitted from a consolidation plan.

And so, we read in conclusion, these discussions have definitely brought about two important results:

First, they have resulted in the preparation of a bill before Congress which will make voluntary consolidations possible, and which will deal with them in sequence and not in a block; second, a system of consolidations can only be achieved through the cooperative effort of the railroads with mutual regard for each other's interests.

CURBING ONE-MAN TRUSTS

WHEN Mr. Loewenstein, the Belgian capitalist, plunged to death in the English Channel, from the door of his private airplane, he did something more than arouse curiosity as to whether he had invented a new method of suicide. He gave the whole financial world a sufficient jolt, we are told, to set it to wondering how far a single individual should be allowed to go into speculative finance without being subjected to some kind of restraint for the protection of the public. It was recalled that Hugo Stinnes, the German financier, owner of a vast network of mortgaged factories, banks, newspapers, and other enterprises, had caused a similar commotion by his death. The method employed by both men, the New York *Journal of Commerce* reminds us, was that of borrowing to buy and then pledging purchased properties as a means of obtaining additional capital from the investing public. This practise, whether in the hands of an individual or of a corporation, is apt to lead to abuses if the amount of the original capital becomes disproportionately small as compared with the scope of the management-control exercised by the speculators. This danger has been seen and freely debated in relation to public-service companies, but now financial critics are asking also how far an individual ought to be permitted to go on "spreading his influence." Holding that the effects of Loewenstein's death should serve as a warning both to the banks and to the public, the paper above mentioned continues:

In this as in other similar cases like that of the Stinnes concerns, an individual has been able to utilize his strong financial standing with banks and the security-buying public to expand his control of business enterprises beyond the limits justified by the extent of his unencumbered personal resources. The fact that a borrower can supply satisfactory collateral as a basis for obtaining credit is no adequate defense against an implied criticism of bank lenders. The truth is that the ability to obtain credit with which to keep on buying into new enterprises adds a factitious value to the very collateral that serves as the basis for the loans obtained. The history of the negotiations between various German banks and representatives of the Stinnes heirs carries a warning. Similarly the efforts of Mr. Loewenstein's banking backers to check the decline in the value of the securities in which he was interested illustrate the need for caution in dealings with individual capitalists, however powerful they may appear to be.

The reflections suggested by this man's meteoric career are worth sober thought by Americans as well as by Europeans, *The Journal of Commerce* thinks, and especially by bankers, because modern financiers of this sort have banking connections in all the chief centers of the world. It would be difficult to restrict their activities by law without interfering with the right of the individual to deal freely with his fellow men, hence that paper adds:

The best and the most practical safeguard against repetitions of stock-market disturbances that come from the unbridled operations of individuals is for those banking houses, whose assistance has facilitated the rise to power of men whose ambitions exceed their capacity to execute, to take the lesson to heart. The "will to power" is a dangerous weapon in the hands of a man possest of unlimited credit, unless his bankers see to it that his operations are kept within bounds.

GOLD NO LONGER GUN-SHY

THE sudden reappearance of gold in large sums from the stockings and chimney-corners of the French people at the close of June, after that nation's return to a gold basis, marks the end of the war-hoarding episode in Europe, according to the financial experts. For fourteen years this French gold had been in hiding, and now it is back in the vaults of the Bank of France for public use, attracted by the announcement of a stabilized currency. Crowd psychology, we are told, has brought out the bright coins just as surely as it drove them into secret places in 1914. The whole phenomenon is of special interest, says the New York *Times*, because it is so much like the story of 1872, when France had to pay Germany a billion-dollar war indemnity, and did it in record time. The common tradition is that the thrifty and patriotic peasants dug up this whole sum for their Government out of their slender and secret hoards, but that is not quite true, according to the paper mentioned, which adds:

Most of that billion-dollar payment was effected through money raised by sale of French Government bonds abroad, and one of the curiosities of the transaction was that Germany, which had imposed the war indemnity, subscribed for more than

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NOT since the great days of 1918, with their news of victory and the armistice, have the American people seen an autumn to compare for interest and excitement with the months that lie just ahead.

We are in the midst of a campaign in which the candidates are strong and definite personalities, in which the issues are complex and varied, in which, it is generally agreed, the party lines will be violently broken and the voting governed largely by individual opinions, passions and prejudices. Beyond all, this campaign may portend great and significant changes in our political history.

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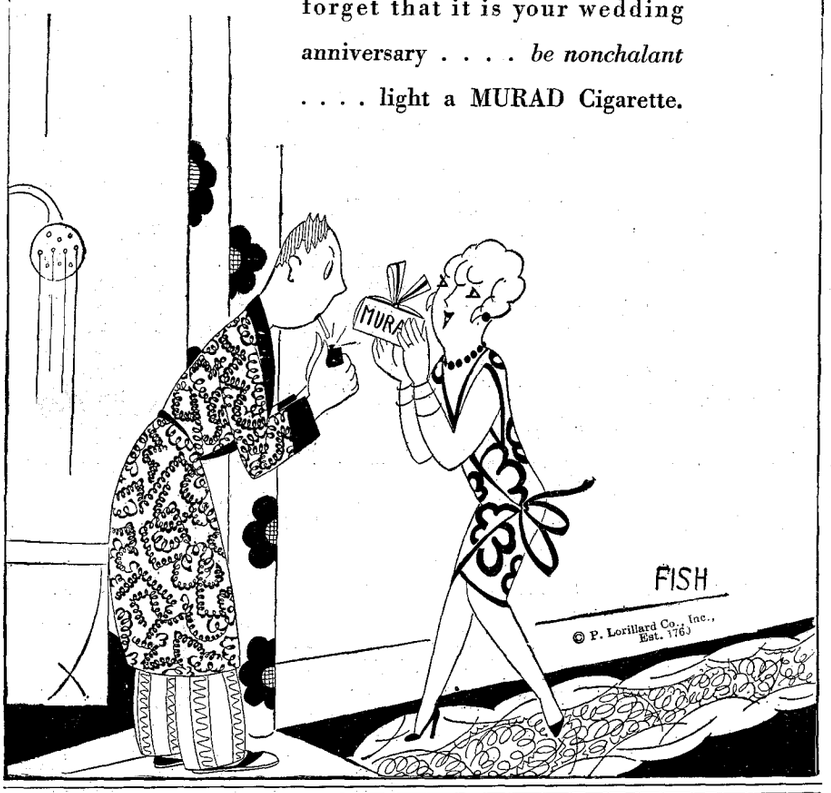
EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you forget that it is your wedding anniversary . . . . *be nonchalant* . . . . light a MURAD Cigarette.



The Literary Digest School and College Directory

Schools for Girls and Colleges for Women

Howe-Marot School	Thompson, Conn.
Lindenwood College	Box 728, St. Charles, Mo.
Monticello Seminary, Miss Harriet Congdon	Godfrey, Ill.
St. Margaret's School	Box L, Waterbury, Conn.
Frances Shimer School	Box 648, Mt. Carroll, Ill.
Starrett School for Girls	Box 42, 4515 Drexel Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Boys' Preparatory

Kiskiminetas School for Boys	Box 933, Saltsburg, Pa.
Milford School for Boys	Box L, Milford, Conn.
Peddie School	Box 8-P, Hightstown, N. J.
Silver Bay School for Boys	Box 80, Silver Bay-on-Lake George, N. Y.

Military Schools and Colleges

Augusta Military Academy	Box L, Fort Defiance, Va.
Illinois Military School	Box 12, Aledo, Ill.
Kemper Military School	706 Third St., Boonville, Mo.
Manlius School—Gen'l William Verbeck, Pres.	Box 108, Manlius, N. Y.
Marion Institute, The Army and Navy College	Box B, Marion, Ala.
Miami Military Institute	Box 888, Germantown, Ohio
Morgan Park Military Academy	Box 828, Morgan Park, Chicago, Ill.
Northwestern Military and Naval Academy	Lake Geneva, Wisc.
Randolph-Macon Academy	Box 410, Front Royal, Va.
San Diego Army and Navy Academy	Box L, Pacific Beach Sta., San Diego, Cal.
Staunton Military Academy	Box D, Staunton, Va.
Wentworth Military Academy	Box 588, Lexington, Mo.

Vocational and Professional

The Bentley School of Accounting and Finance	923 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
Chicago Teachers College	701 Rush St., Chicago, Ill.
Chicago Musical College—Carl D. Kinsey, Manager	80 E. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.
The Cumberland Law School	Box 22, Lebanon, Tenn.
New Church Theological School	46 Quincy St., Cambridge, Mass.
Rider College, President	Trenton, New Jersey

Technical

Bliss Electrical School	168 Takoma Ave., Washington, D. C.
Chicago Technical College	Dept. K-91, 118 East 26th St., Chicago, Ill.
New Mexico School of Mines	Box P-4, Socorro, N. M.

Special

Devereux Schools	Box L, Berwyn, Pa.
University Travel Association, Inc	Box K, 285 Madison Ave., New York City
The Woods' School	Box 160, Langhorne, Pa.

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

one-fourth of the French bonds issued to provide for it. But the hoards of the French peasants played an important part.

How much gold was suddenly hidden away in Europe in 1914 can probably never be known exactly, says *The Times*, continuing:

All that we know from official estimates is that, when the war broke out, something like $600,000,000 gold coin was circulating in England outside the Bank and $1,200,000,000 in France, and that probably upward of $250,000,000 had been hoarded on the Continent, even when the Balkan War caused fear of the larger conflict. Beyond doubt, the fact that the bidding of a premium for gold in terms of the depreciating currencies was strictly discountenanced in all European countries, and prohibited under severest penalties in Germany, must have increased the sum permanently hoarded.

In the aggregate, and notwithstanding the fact that the French and German people were induced at the end of 1914 to exchange voluntarily more than $400,000,000 gold for bank-notes, the gold hoarded at the end of the war must have run far into the hundreds of millions.

The instinct to hoard at a time of economic peril is by no means peculiar to Europe, for our own country has indulged in it frequently. Thus the paper above quoted recalls how at the end of October, 1896, just before the election which was to decide Bryan's free-silver coinage program, long lines of men and women stood at the doors of the United States Sub-Treasury in New York and exchanged Treasury notes for gold coin in sums ranging from $50 to $125,000, making a total of $1,372,000 in a single day. On the same day, hoarding customers bought $3,000,000 gold from a broker at 1 per cent. premium. With the news of Bryan's defeat, *The Times* recalls, all these millions of hoarded gold went rushing back into the banks and Treasury. We are also reminded of a more serious fit of American hoarding in the panic of 1907, when $296,000,000 in currency disappeared from sight within a week or two, when the banks virtually suspended free cash payments to depositors, and when employers with large payrolls had to bid a premium of 3 or 4 per cent. for currency, paying the money-hoarders for it in certified checks.

Cutting It Short.—THE SQUIRE—"What's your name?"

NERVOUS APPLICANT—"P-P-P-Perkins, sir."

THE SQUIRE—"Ah! Then I'll call you Perkins!"—*Humorist* (*London*).

Costly Trespass.—"What a lovely fur coat—what did it cost?"

"One single kiss."

"That you gave your husband?"

"No: that he gave the maid."—*Lustige Blätter* (*Berlin*).

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

July 25.—The resignation of Dr. Randall Davidson as Archbishop of Canterbury is announced in London.

July 27.—British railroad managers and representatives of the three railroad trade-unions agree on a 2½ per cent. wage cut for one year.

Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, Archbishop of York, is nominated to succeed Dr. Davidson as Archbishop of Canterbury.

July 28.—The ninth revival of the Olympic games opens in Amsterdam with a parade of 4,000 athletes representing forty-six nations.

July 30.—It is announced in the House of Commons that France and Britain have made an agreement to abandon naval rivalry with each other.

Forty persons are killed and more than a hundred injured in a chemical factory fire in Lodz, Poland.

After three days' play France retains the Davis tennis cup, the French team winning four matches and the Americans one.

July 31.—General Nobile and the other Italian survivors of the *Italia* Arctic expedition arrive in Italy.

DOMESTIC

July 26.—Four Bishops of the Methodist-Episcopal Church, South, issue a statement calling upon their church to oppose the election to the Presidency of an "enemy of Prohibition."

Gene Tunney retains his world's heavyweight boxing championship, defeating Tom Heeney of New Zealand by a technical knockout in the eleventh round of a scheduled fifteen-round bout.

Peter Hesselbach, of Leipsig, flying at Cape Cod, establishes an American glider record of fifty-eight minutes in the air.

Deputy Commissioner William F. Russell is appointed Police Commissioner of Chicago, to succeed Michael Hughes, resigned.

July 27.—It is announced that the United States Government has concluded a treaty with the Nationalist Government of China restoring China's "complete national tariff autonomy"; this is equivalent to de facto recognition of the Nationalist Government.

July 29.—President Coolidge speaks at the dedication of a Civil War memorial monument at Cannon Falls, Minnesota; he emphasizes the passing of sectionalism.

Peter Hesselbach in his glider remains in the air over Cape Cod Bay for four hours and five minutes.

July 30.—National guardsmen with fixt bayonets disperse a crowd of textile strikers in New Bedford, Massachusetts.

George Eastman announces the perfection of an invention by which an amateur photographer can take moving pictures in color.

The Interstate Commerce Commission orders increased rates of pay to the railroads for carrying the mails, amounting to $15,000,000 annually.

July 31.—Gene Tunney, heavyweight champion of the world, announces his retirement from the professional boxing ring.

WORLD CRUISE of the BELGENLAND
—largest, finest liner ever to circle the globe

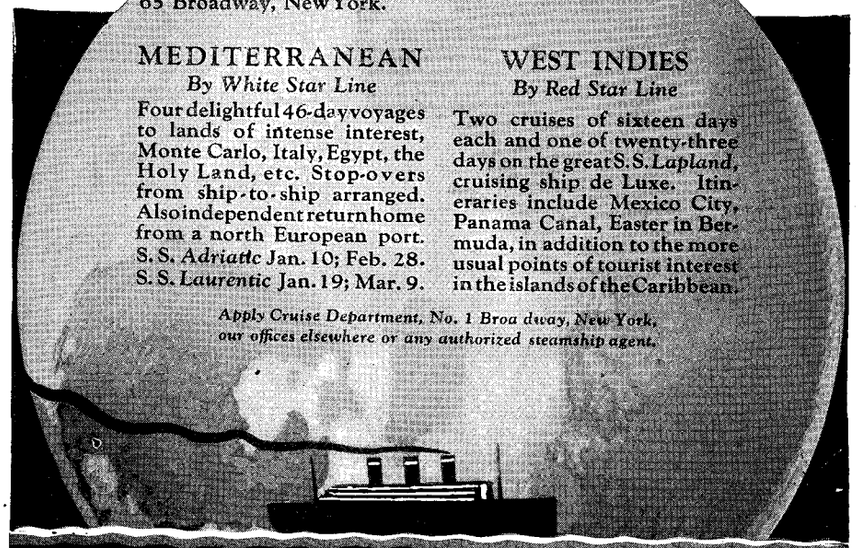
In addition to travel attractions of time-proven popularity, two new attractions this winter: A three-day call at Peking, most fascinating city of the Far East, and an optional side tour through the Dutch East Indies, including the amazingly beautiful and primitive island of Bali, never before on the itinerary of any world cruise.

The *Belgenland* sails Westward from New York December 17th. 19 perfect weeks of recreation—84 cities—28,000 miles. $1750 (up) all expenses included. Cruise operated jointly by Red Star Line and American Express Company. Apply to either Red Star Line, No. 1 Broadway or to the American Express Company, 65 Broadway, New York.

MEDITERRANEAN
By White Star Line
Four delightful 46-day voyages to lands of intense interest, Monte Carlo, Italy, Egypt, the Holy Land, etc. Stop-overs from ship-to-ship arranged. Also independent return home from a north European port. S. S. *Adriatic* Jan. 10; Feb. 28. S. S. *Laurentic* Jan. 19; Mar. 9.

WEST INDIES
By Red Star Line
Two cruises of sixteen days each and one of twenty-three days on the great S. S. *Lapland*, cruising ship de Luxe. Itineraries include Mexico City, Panama Canal, Easter in Bermuda, in addition to the more usual points of tourist interest in the islands of the Caribbean.

Apply Cruise Department, No. 1 Broadway, New York, our offices elsewhere or any authorized steamship agent.



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INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

SIMONDS
SAWS FILES KNIVES STEEL
PLANER KNIVES
THAT SPEED UP PRODUCTION AND LOWER COSTS

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Give him Simonds Planer Knives and watch production speed up. Simonds cutting edges are made of the finest scientifically treated steel and backed by three-quarters of a century's experience in the manufacture of cutting edges that cut costs and lengthen profits. Specify Simonds for economy!

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THE ▾ SPICE ▾ OF ▾ LIFE

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Call the Grand Jury.—Client wants $1,000 on guilt edge security.—*Unadilla (N. Y.) paper.*

One Thing Needful.—"Do you think your son will make a good business man?"

"I dunno. He's a rotten golfer."—*Louisville Courier.*

Awfully Awed.—"This is the home of Shakespeare. Are you not awed?"

"Certainly! Where can we get post-cards?"—*Pathfinder.*

Absent-Minded.—Lost—Friday, pair corduroy trousers and suspenders in Honesdale or on back road to Cajaw Pond.—*Honesdale (Pa.) paper.*

Argument for Women Judges.—Until a husband can obtain alimony by crossing his legs and exhibiting his garters to the judge, "equal rights" will be only a snare and a delusion.—*Judge.*

Sticking to It.—"American chewing-gum has gained a foothold in Japan," says an exchange. Its faculty for gaining a foothold is its most unpopular feature in this country.—*Boston Transcript*

A New Julian Eltinge.—He is a painter and paper-hanger. Duchess of Somerset, and Madame Jacques Balsan, the former Duchess of Marlborough, who was Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, of New York.—*Atlanta Journal.*

Might Have Been Jupiter.—PA—"Was Jack intoxicated when he came home last night?"

DAUGHTER—"I didn't notice anything—except that he asked for a mirror to see who he was!"—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Standing Pat.—May Irwin, nationally and internationally known as one of the greatest American comediennes, is celebrating her sixty-sixth birthday at her summer home near Clayton, as has been her custom for several years.—*Watertown (N. Y.) paper.*

Faithful to Old Friends.—MRS. SMYTHE—"I'm soliciting for a charity organization. What do you do with your cast-off clothing?"

MR. SMITH—"I hang them up carefully and go to bed. Then in the morning I put them on again."—*Pointer.*

How Big Was the One That Got Away?—Banff, Alberta.—A. O. Seymour, general tourist agent of the Canadian Rockies, was captured in Lake Minnewanka, near Banff, recently, by George Andrews, a resident of the Lake Minnewanka district. This fish weighed thirty-five pounds.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Rainbow's End.—Two attorneys, one decidedly glum of countenance, met on the street.

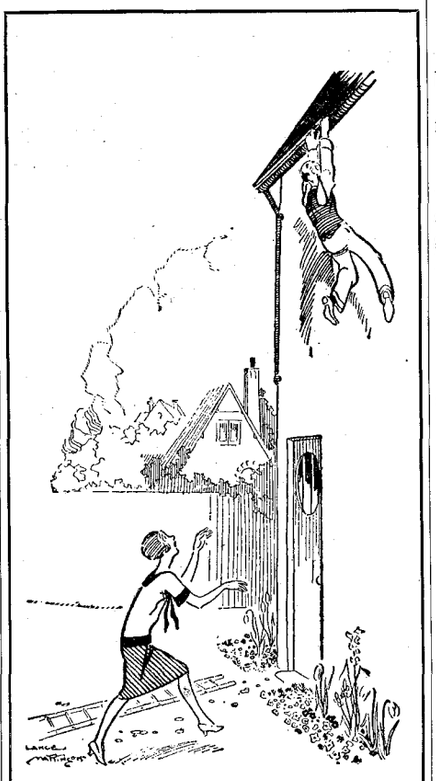
"Well, how's business?" the first asked of the dismal one.

"Rotten!" the pessimist replied. "I just chased an ambulance twelve miles and found a lawyer in it."—*American Legion Monthly.*

Slightly Shop-Worn.—Two good automobile salesmen, one new and one used.—*San Diego paper.*

Winning of the West.—The program with musical numbers, followed by a lingerie review with loving models.—*Wichita Eagle.*

Accomplished Bossy.—The cow mentioned above went on with her good work also and gave us two litters of fine pigs a year.—*Atlanta paper.*



WIFE (to hubby whose ladder has fallen): "Try and hang on for a few moments, dear, while I pick these flowers!"—*London Opinion.*

Indoor Tail Spin.—It was past midnight and the ominous tramp of heavy feet was heard on the stairs. "What is that?" she cried, clinging to her airman lover. "Sounds like your father coming down out of control," he replied in the jargon of his profession.—*Boston Transcript.*

Reasonable Offer.—Lost—Will the gentleman that took my tan trousers from the seat of my coupe Saturday morning either sell me back the pants or buy the coat. They both together make a good-looking suit. Individually they are not so hot. No questions asked if they are returned.—*Ad in an Austin (Tex.) paper.*

Bostonian's Night Off.—Philip Hale has been dramatic and music critic of the Boston *Herald* for many years. He had not been in New York for fifteen years until a few days ago. As he was spending only one night in Gotham, picking his single entertainment was a nice problem.

He chose the Boston Symphony concert at Carnegie Hall.—*Variety.*

If You Choose to Chew.—Quick Meal Combination. Range and player piano.—*Ad in a Belleville (Ill.) paper.*

Page Sir Oliver Lodge.—The Chicago Federation of Labor has just come into possession of a post mortem affidavit by one Alfred Spinks.—*San Francisco News.*

Never Was.—Secretary-stenographer, competent, high-school graduate, 1½ years' business experience, beginner in law work; salary no objection.—*Ad in the New York Law Journal.*

Magic Moment.—"How are you?"

"Very ill—I have just been to the doctor because my memory is going."

"Um—by the way—could you lend me a fiver?"—*Lustige Kolner Zeitung (Cologne).*

Meats and the Chef.—Another item of the building was a line of symbolic figures along the space usually given over to gargoyles, the British lion, French cook, Russian bear, and the Montenegrin eagle.—*Boston Herald.*

Have a Heart!—

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN

Two pigs from my property at Shadyside. If you've killed the pigs, I would like to have one meal of fresh meat.—*Ad in a West Virginia paper.*

Inventor's Triumph.—

I eat my peas with honey,
I have done it all my life;
They do taste kind of funny,
But it keeps them on the knife.
—*Christian World.*

Humdrum Routine.—He saw the animal was going to attack him and he grabbed its tail. The bull began running and "snapt the whip," throwing Prozak on a large stone. He crawled under the fence and escaped being bored.—*Platteville (Wis.) paper.*

Looks Worse Than It Sounds.—Hunsta kivet yu pramis tu hant on tis lan? Pere yu kiroff!

TRANSLATION

Who has given you permission to hunt on this land? Better you get of!—"*Notis*" *pinned to steering wheel of parked car in a northern Minnesota Finnish settlement.*

Where Parrots and Monkeys Chatter.—He controlled steamship lines, was one of the chief shareholders in the Belgian railway system, owned manganese iron mines in Silesia, steel furnaces in the north of Spain, coal properties in the Sarre basin and in the Ruhr and immense rubber plantations in Chicago.—*New York Times.*

Pacification Party?—The belief prevails that the find is an ichthyosaurus, a monster of the Jurasic Period. Its skeleton is being brought to the National University for study and classification.

If the hunters actually found the beast while it still had its flesh attached to the bones it would appear to indicate that it perished recently, probably while fighting with another marine.—*New York Evening Post.*

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